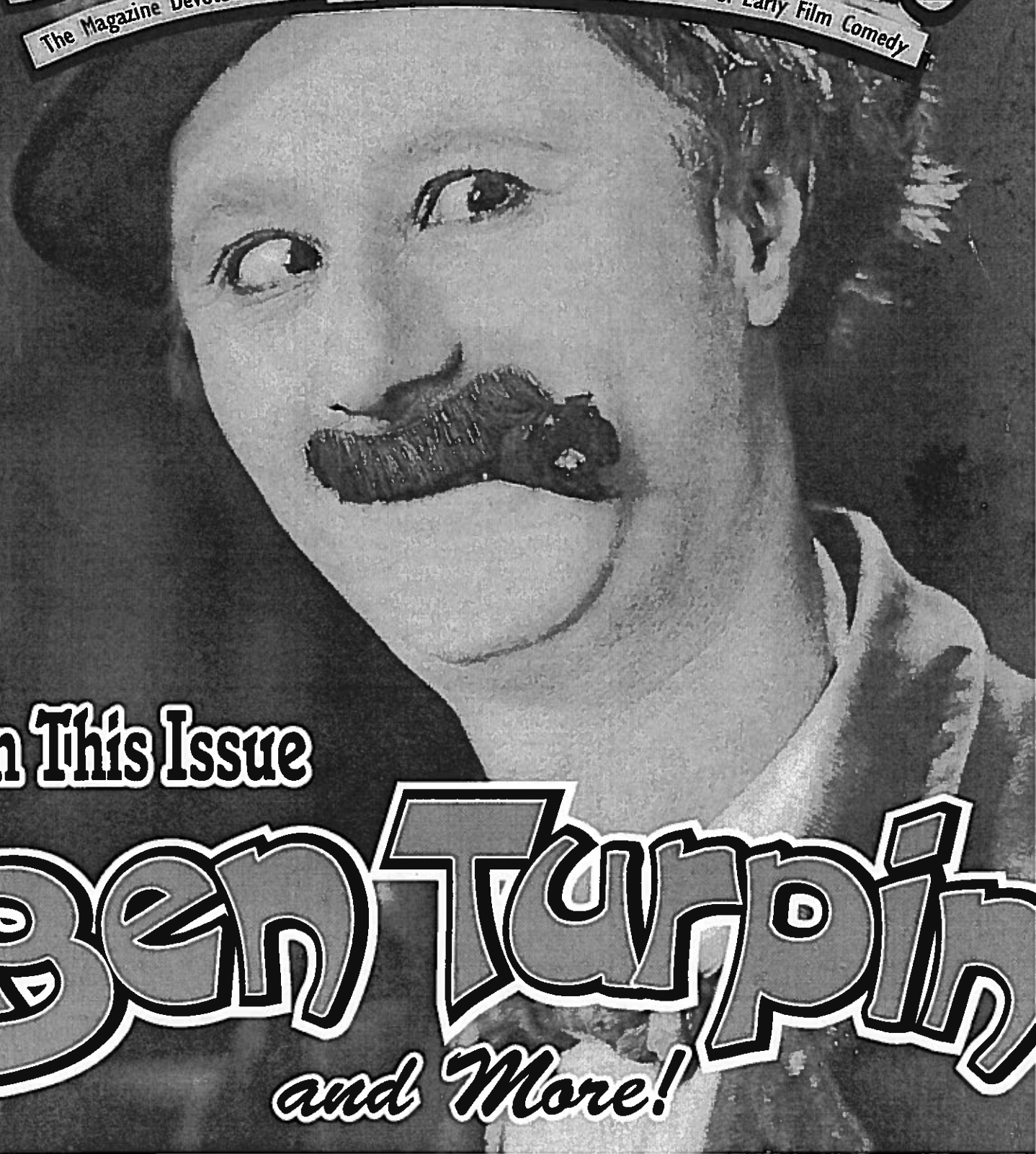


Slapstick!

The Magazine Devoted to the Appreciation, Documentation & Preservation of Early Film Comedy

1



In This Issue

Ben Turpin

and More!

DEDICATION

Over the years I've made many friends who have shared the same interest in early comedy and many whom have been of tremendous help. To those people I dedicate this magazine to you...

Rob Farr, Joe Moore, Bill Sprague, George Reed, Paul & Christal Kassig, Ralph Secinaro, Richard Roberts, Cole Johnson, Mark Johnson, Eddie Quillan, Madeline Hurlock-Sherwood, Walter Lantz, Hal Haig-Priest, Pierre Pageau, Jean-Jacques Couderc, Floyd Bennett, Andrew McKay, and there's been many more whom time has caused me to forget; you know who you are so forgive me!

Thanks must also be given to everyone involved in the making of these early comedies we love so well.

Finally, thanks to my family who still don't understand an obsession with actors and actresses who've been buried for years. And to Sheila and our greatest obsession, our son Rodney.

Always wear a smile,

Thanks Rob!
Steve

Slapstick!

The Magazine Devoted to the Appreciation, Documentation & Preservation of Early Film Comedy

Welcome!

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the world of SLAPSTICK! A world of actors and actresses, writers and directors, cameramen, producers, pies and pratfalls, stuntmen, and laughs.

This magazine has been an idea of mine for fifteen years now and it's finally seeing the light of day. This first issue, editorially, was an obvious choice. One of the first and most underated, and barely documented, comics would be our main feature, Ben Turpin. These first several pages are taken from my forthcoming biography, *For Art's Sake!*, and subsequent chapters will follow in upcoming issues of SLAPSTICK! This is yet the most definitive biography ever attempted on the little cross-eyed clown. Concluding the biography will be the most complete Turpin filmography ever compiled including many never before listed Essanay shorts, Mack Sennett cameos and guest appearances. It's interesting reading (most of which is told in Ben's own words) and illustrated with many rare stills and posters, many never seen before, from the author's collection.

A special thanks to Mabel Normand historian William T. Sherman for contributing his forward, *clo Ben Turpin, Genius*.

Our intention was to have a Mack Sennett "theme", so we researched the career of Madeline Hurlock, often referred to as the Pathe Vamp, one of Mack's prettiest girls to many of the biggest buffoons. We also include a rare interview with Walter Wright, one of the more obscure Sennett directors. So start your day with *Breakfast With Ben Turpin* and other surprises will follow... Read on!!!

Steve Rydzewski
Editor/Publisher



BREAKFAST WITH BEN TURPIN

By Bob Dorman

As originally appeared in
Pantomime, March 25, 1922, page 26

"When can we have an interview?" we asked Ben over the phone. "Come out to breakfast tomorrow morning and have some



"I like an open car, and the wife likes a closed one, so we compromised and got a sedan."



Ben always prepares breakfast and then his wife cooks some food.



Ben insists he is absolute boss in his own home whenever he wants to do what his wife wants him to do.



The comedian can throw his voice in almost as many ways at once as his eyes can look.

sent me to the store for a gallon of gasoline, I came back with a package of saleratus. Even now I get all balled-up when the grocer says:

'Anything else?' I just can't think on my feet in a grocery store when a lot of customers are hanging around waiting for me to finish ordering."

Then, as an afterthought, Ben added: "I like a good breakfast. No grabbing off a cup of coffee and a bun for me. I get up good 'n early, shave carefully and then sit down with the morning paper and eat leisurely. There were days when the wife and I couldn't afford a maid, but now we have one to serve breakfast. Give me a good grapefruit, ham and eggs and toast and a piping hot cup of coffee, and I start the day right."

After breakfast Ben turned on the phonograph. "Dance? Sure the wife and I can dance," said Ben. "And don't think we can't do the new steps either. It broke us up pretty bad when *The Toddle* went out of fashion but we still have the waltz, and a variation of the fox trot to fall back upon. We turn on the phonograph when we wanna' dance at home. Some evenings I come home tired from the studio and find nothing more relaxing than a good book. But if the wife starts to play the piano when I'm reading I go off in a snore in about five minutes. A wife has to be an accomplished musician to be able to do that.

ham and eggs with me and the wife," said Ben.

"Whenever you want me," added Ben, "you can find me on the front steps. I don't go out much except on Sundays. I'm strong for the front steps. It's a life-long habit of mine, sittin' out and watchin' the world go by. You see some funny things from a front door-step and I suppose people goin' by say the same thing when they look at me."

We arrived next morning just as Ben was going to the grocery store. His wife playfully pulled his ear as he marched down the steps of their bungalow.

"If you come back from that grocery store without the eggs, I'll pull your ear again," she said.

Ben complains that he has a poor grocery store memory.

"It's a childhood growth," he says. "When I was a boy, if they

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"I understand the *Washington Johnnie* has gone out," mused

Ben. "Too bad, it was a good step. The wife and I are learning the *Camel Walk* now. We had just mastered the *Tiajuana Jerk* when that *Frisco Johnnie* step came in and we had to drop it. I like the shuffle too, even though it is jerky. But for a real natty step, give me the *Palo Hop*. With a fox-trot time it's a cuckoo."

Ben has two pets - "Cock-eyed Cecilia," his parrot, and "Cross-eyed Towser," an aged, gray-whiskered little dog given to him by an admirer some years ago. The dog has a slant in his left optical orb with a remarkable resemblance to Ben's money-making X-eye.

Ben's parrot is never far off. You can believe it or not, but Ben wants the bird with him always. "I'm superstitious," says Ben. "That bird not only can talk, but it has human intelligence. It stays by me just like the warning bird does on the back of a hippopotamus. The parrot warns me against strangers who may want to take my week's salary away from me - oil-stock sellers and the like.

"If one of those human birds of prey come around, Cecilia will flutter her tail feathers and shriek: 'Get away from me with your stale crackers. Out, you soft-boiled egg. Vamoose, you son of a bum.'"

Clemenceau recently had the unusual privilege of unveiling his own statue - a function which usually takes place thirty to a hundred years after the distinguished one has been slid into a mau-soleum niche - but Ben Turpin also has not been overlooked by his admirers.

A company has recently been formed in Chicago which is putting on the market tens of thousands of Ben Turpin statuettes. They sent one to Ben.

"Best likeness I ever had molded," says Ben. "Caricature? Ridiculous! It couldn't have been more faithfully cast if I had laid down and had plaster of Paris poured all over me and a death mask made of my face.

My wife says it's better 'n any photograph I ever had taken."

Ben's hobby is ventriloquism. He has a "stuffed lad," such as the professional ventriloquist uses, and can do some remarkable voicethrowing. If Ben ever left pictures he could go into vaudeville with that ventriloquist act which he occasionally "pulls" for his friends.

"Yep, I get lots of fan mail," says Ben. "I once got a letter from

a girl who said she admired me. I framed it. No others have come in since. However, the kids write me tons of letters. And that's the kind of praise I like. When my 'kid mail' slackens I begin to worry. Right now it's coming in fine. I don't ask the-atre-owners, 'How did you like that last picture?' I sit tight and wait for the verdict of the kids."

Ben Turpin's best friend is Charlie Chaplin. They go duck hunting together many weekends. (And here's a tip to those Eastern fan magazines: The favorite week-end sport of Chaplin, Thomas H. Ince, Mack Sennett and Ben Turpin is potting the elusive mallard. No chance of a cameraman following them for a snap, however. The trips are incog, sub rosa, entre-nous. And always to a different rendezvous.)

"Usually on Sunday's," says Ben, "the wife and I get into the car and go. I like an open car but the wife prefers a closed vee-hay-kul. As you see, we compromised by getting a closed car."

There's nothing "Ritzy" about Ben. When it came time to leave for the studio he gave his wife a long and tender good-bye kiss, despite the presence of the interviewer.

"No husband should leave his wife in the morning without a good-bye kiss," says Ben.

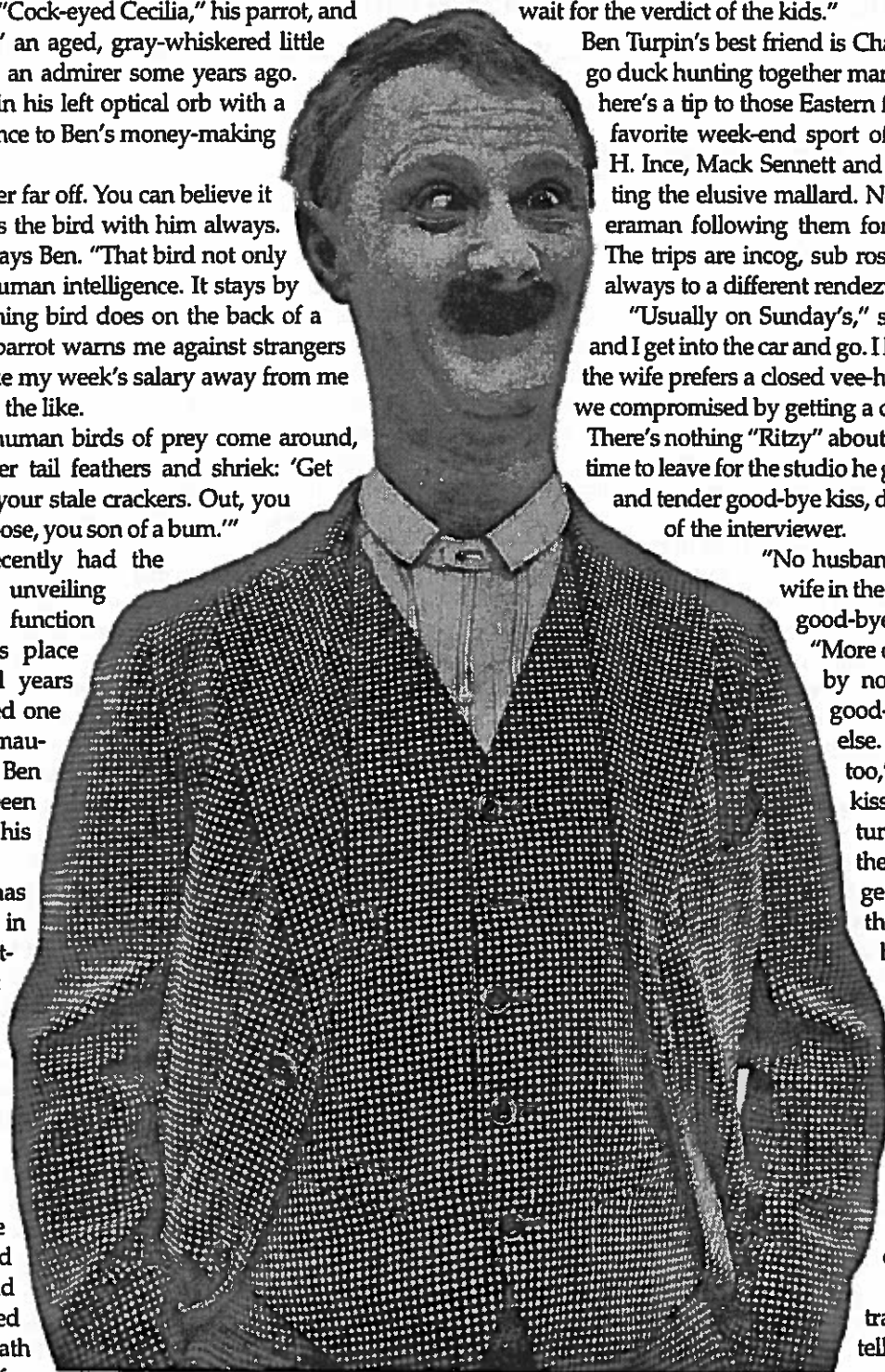
"More divorces are caused by not kissing the wife good-bye than anything else. There's an art in it, too," says Ben. "First I kiss the wife. Then I turn my cheek and let the wife kiss me. We get a double measure that way. And we both start the day feeling O.K."

They tell this story on Ben. Mack Sennett wanted him to sign a contract giving him more money. Ben said he didn't want a contract.

"Don't need a contract," said Ben. "Just tell the cashier to give me my money every

week and that will do. When people want to break up a partnership, contracts don't amount to much. You want to give me too much money, Mr. Sennett. I wouldn't know what to do with a salary like that. No man can honestly earn so much."

And that's not a press agent's yarn, either.



Each Fault A Virtue

Everything he does in pictures is wrong and that makes him funny;
Everything he does in life is grotesque and that makes him the idol of girl interviewers.

By Helen Klumph

As originally appeared on page 90 in Picture Play magazine, June 1925

Whenever I run into a group of serious thinkers who are talking about the intellectual development of movies and their truly great artists, I think of Ben Turpin.

Ben Turpin's work is the work of a master intellect. Of course, it may not be his intellect. Someone, you insist, may be responsible for his droll gags that inspire such shrieks of laughter. Yet, would you deny Michelangelo the carving of his figure of *Moses* merely because some helper handed him a chisel, and because the character was not his own invention?

Dramatic acting is emotional; comedy is purely of the intellect.

Intellect; ah! yes, that brings us back to Ben.

I cannot recount to you any long and ponderous utterances of my hero. All that he said to me when I attempted to interview him was, "Where is that lady that has been waiting around wanting to meet me? Pleased to meetcha. Well, I gotta run along now."

So saying, he pulled a large powder puff out of a grimy pocket and vigorously whacked his nose with it.

But that succinct statement tells you a great deal about the man.

After fifty years or more of being pursued by the fair sex – I am sure that he always had the same fatal fascination for women that he has now – he still is too shy to be paraded before admiring interviewers. No luncheons *a deux* at the Ritz with Ben Turpin; no dreamy waltzes with him at the annual ball of Local No. 36 of the Los Angeles Motion Picture Operators Union – both traditional ways of stars' winning the favor of the press. No; in order to interview Ben one has to sneak out on his set at the studio, hiding behind Mack Sennett himself and sending an emissary from the business office to fetch Ben. But from long experience he knows that there is something amiss in Mr. Sennett's coming out this way. Ah – a woman! The ever-gallant Mr. Sennett has yielded to the pleading of one of his admirers and brought her out. Well then, he must submit for a moment to her admiring gaze.

He comes off the set with a mincing gait, the detached manner of a man of many

affairs, and a distracted voice that proclaims he has yielded to the exigencies of the moment only after much coaxing.

And then after looking here, there, and everywhere but at you, he is gone.

But one can always admire him at a distance. Not at the Ambassador pool nor at one of the society polo matches does one look for Ben; it is at one of the busiest corners of Western Avenue in Los Angeles that one finds him every Sunday afternoon about four o'clock taking the place of the traffic officer on duty. It is the one place where his ability to look due north and west at the same time stands him in good stead.

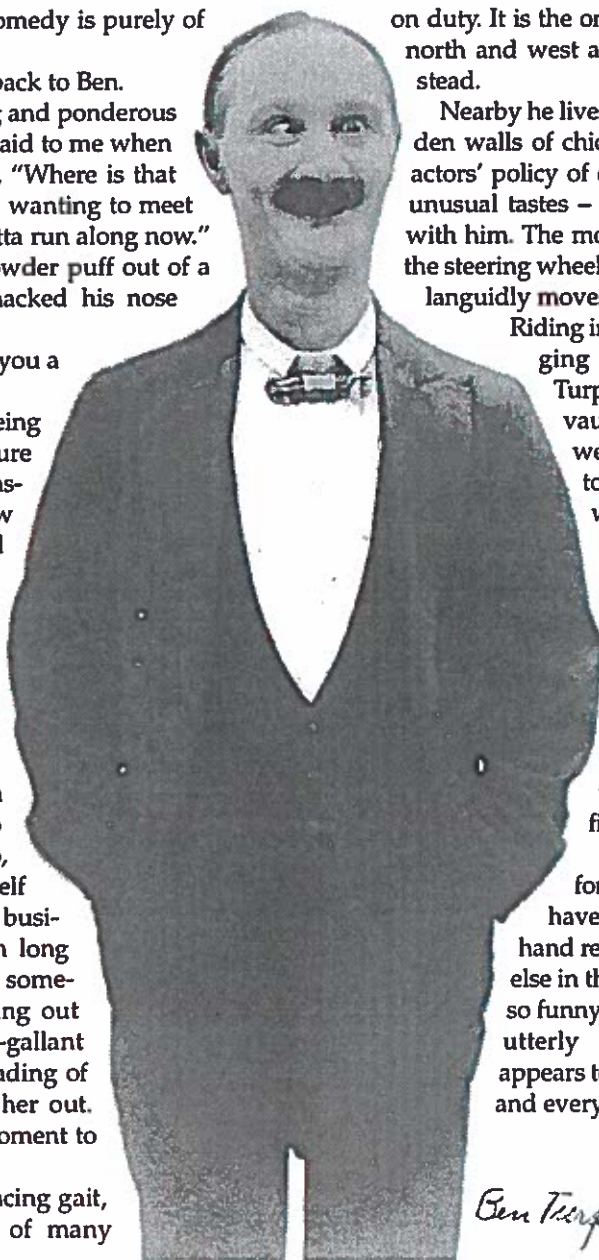
Nearby he lives in a simple cottage with elegant garden walls of chicken wire. His one concession to the actors' policy of displaying temperament – or at least unusual tastes – in public, is taking his parrot riding with him. The morose pet rides on the upper curve of the steering wheel and when the wheel must be turned, languidly moves a step or two to the side.

Riding in box cars from coast to coast and begging handouts at backdoors was Ben Turpin's primary and preparatory school; vaudeville was his Alma Mater; movies were the haven of refuge that beckoned to him at twenty-five sure dollars every week after he had been playing *Happy Hooligan* on one-night stands and obscure vaudeville circuits for seventeen years. It was during that time that his eyes became crossed.

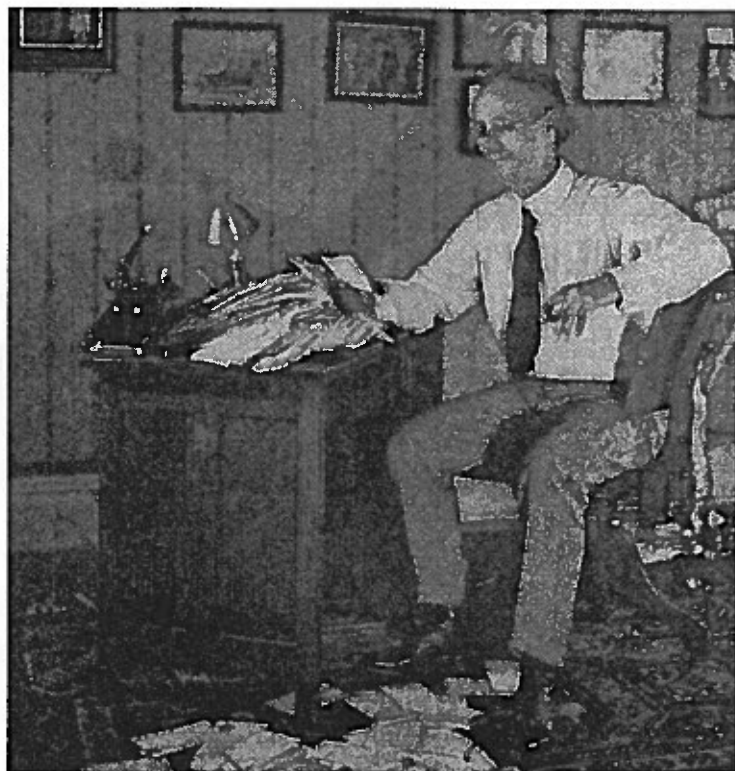
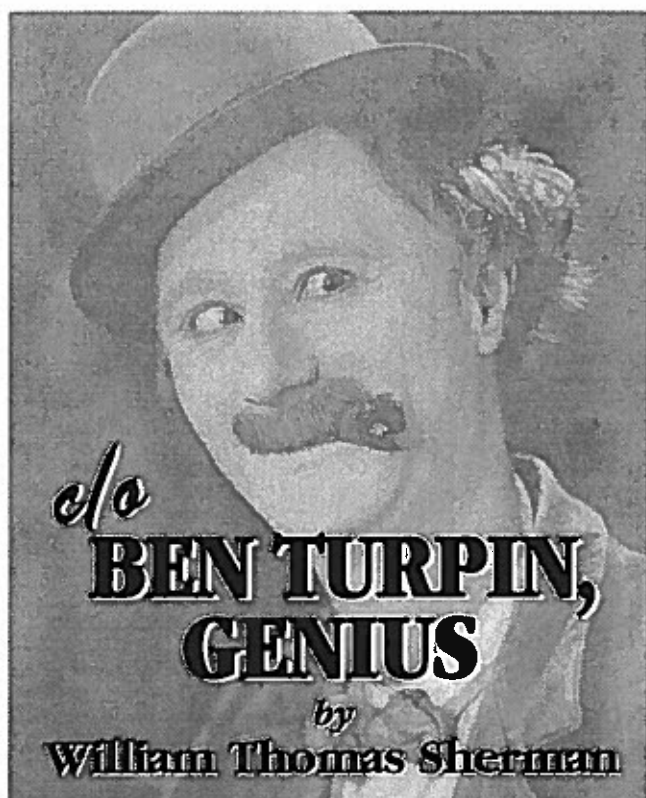
Ben admits now that he is fifty-seven years old. Perhaps that allows for a vanity discount too.

What other hero has ever come into his prime – has ever reached the fine flowering of his art at such an age?

But of course. For our Ben – thus fondly do all the girl interviewers who have had the pleasure of grasping his hand refer to him – is like nothing and no one else in the world. If he weren't he wouldn't be so funny. But he stands supreme in the field of utterly nonsensical comedy because he appears to be the sum total of every one's faults and every one's mistakes.



Ben Turpin



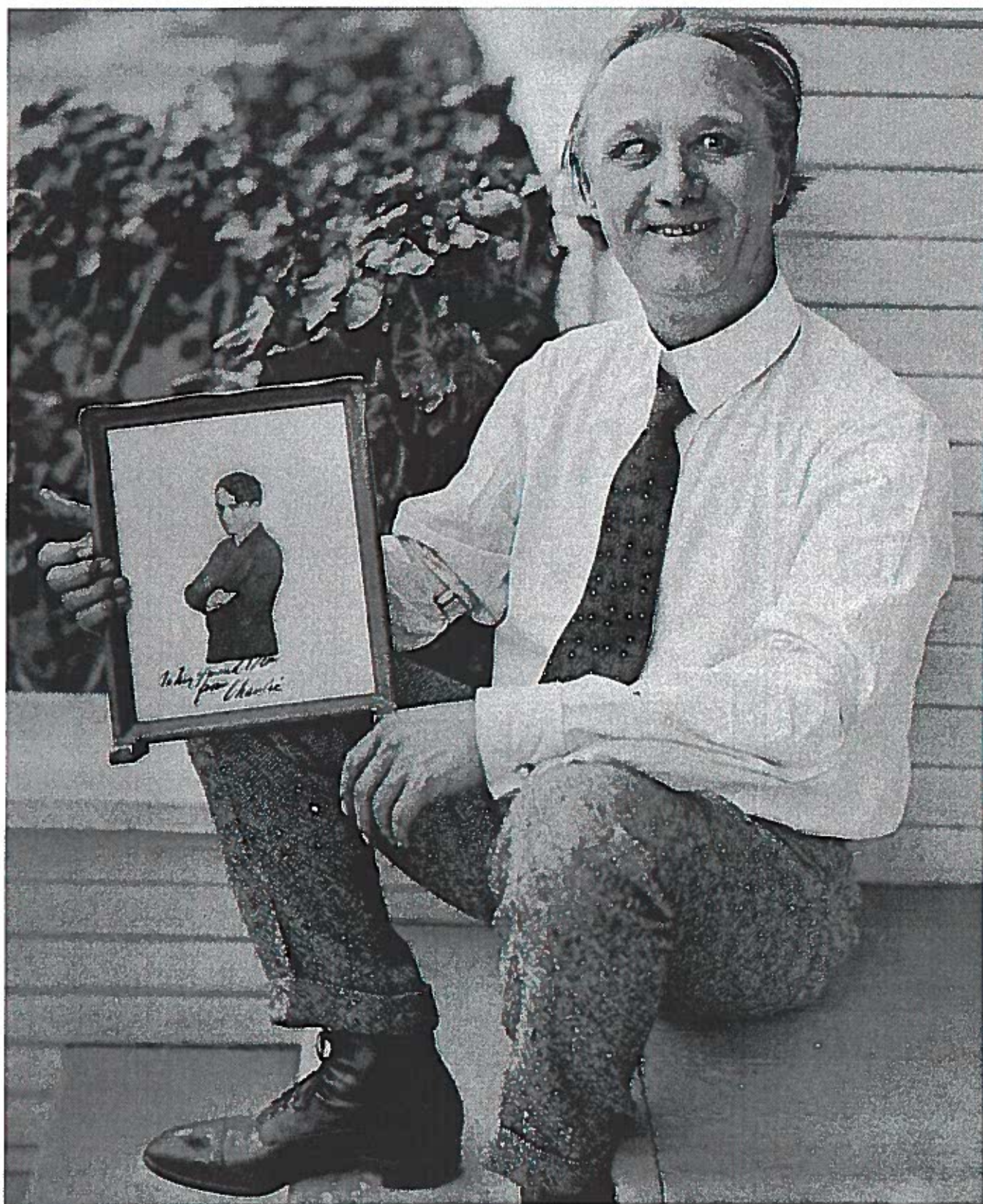
Of great movie actors there have been many, but none can be said to have matched the motion picture grandeur or thespian virtuosity of Ben Turpin. Here was a player who could take on all the big parts: Desert chieftain, Prussian nobleman, frontier lawman, or stalwart defender of hearth and home. No film historian who knows the true record can ignore the many houses brought down by oceans of tears he's tenderly lifted from audiences eyes. We are not four star, not five star, but eight star performances! With so many of his films now gone unseen, has not perhaps the time come to address the matter of "*The Unknown Turpin*"?

For who made a more imposing figure in the saddle, rescued girls in peril, or brought justice to a troubled land better than old Ben? Who fought the hard fight, climbed the highest mountain, braved the stormiest household, outfoxed crafty outlaws, manhandled toughs, wrestled wild bears, made all the women swoon better than Ben? Who saw past the deceiver's bluff, catching the deluded cheat in his own execrable snare? And who but he, when the light shone through in the moment of epiphany would have the boldness to realize that the window might need fixing? This is no mystery, it could be only one man. He played with all the best and later in his career had his pick of parts. Surrounded by Bathing Beauties and strumming the trusty uke, here was a model for manly youth. Here was a performer who played his heart out with every paycheck, and no one could ever say Ben let the fans down.

The films? They read like chiseled inscriptions on the proverbial honor-role of cinema. *Yukon Jake*, *A Small Town Idol*, *The Eyes Have It*, *The Pride of Pikeville*, *The Shriek of Araby*, are just a few milestone classics one could name. Oh, pie-throwing you say? Ben could hold his own with the very best – face to the front. Many today could still learn a thing or two from this titan of celluloid who never flinched whenever the flung pastry of psychosocio-respectability traversed the numbing eternity of physical and ontological space. The mordant insight effused through his character portrayals perhaps most epitomized the neo-existential inanition of rural/industrial man. At the same time, his photochronographic incunabulum is visual testimony to twentieth century ocular syncretism. Not that Ben, were he alive today, would agree or even understand what all this means. Nevertheless, readers will have to admit that it does sound very intelligent.

Mack Sennett would later recall: "Ben Turpin died rich and having fun. After his retirement it was his hobby to direct traffic at the intersection of Santa Monica Boulevard and Western Avenue. With his eyes crossed and arms flailing he engineered some of the most outrageous automotive jams in the history of congested Los Angeles. "He yelled to every motorist, 'I'm Ben Turpin, three thousand dollars a week!'"

Sifting through the remnants of the carefully cherished film record, it's easy to see why he drew this kind of figure, and why his place is ever set in the highest attic of the pantheon of silver screen immortals. Yet is his birthday set aside as the contemplative day off from work? His statue standing somewhere along the gilded walks of Hollywood? His bust conspicuously adorning a city park? No, but Ben Turpin is among us, here in spirit and here in mind. His incomparable and unparalleled vision lives, and will continue to for generations to come.



"I take my hat off to two men, and to one bunch of men and women – Charlie Chaplin, Mack Sennett, and the public.

"Charlie brought me out here, and he gave me my start. I'll always feel grateful to him for it.

"Mack Sennett put me over big. He never has broken his word about one single thing. That's the kind of man I tie to. I'll never work for anybody but him.

"And the public – every actor ought to take off his hat to the public!"

– Ben Turpin, 1924

BEN TURPIN



FOR ARTS SAKE

Chapter One

The Early Years

Ben Turpin, the famous cross-eyed silent screen comedian, was nearly fifty years old when he signed with the King of Comedy Mack Sennett in March 1917. His previous ten years of hard work and struggling in motion pictures had been in relative obscurity, as were his number of years on the stage. However it was an experience and an education he learned well.

Bernard R. Ben Turpin was born in New Orleans, Louisiana on September 19th, 1869, the second child of three to Ernest (aka Edward) and Sarah (nee Buckley) Turpin. Ernest was a confectioner by trade and one of the first to introduce the candy novelty taffy toward the end of the century; and his father, Bernard, whom Ben was named for, was one of the best auctioneers in Louisiana at that time. Ben's mother Sarah had died shortly after the birth of her second daughter, Octavia, in 1870.

According to a late 1920's interview with Ben, around 1876 his father was reviewing some statistics in a newspaper and had come to the conclusion: Why make candy in New Orleans for a limited trade when New York boasted some two million prospective customers? "Bing! We went to New York.

"When I was seven, my family moved to New York and got a place to live down on the Lower East Side. Most of the people in our part of town were Irish or German. No other nationalities could 'light' there. But when they had parties, they always invited me to come because I did funny things that made them laugh."

The Turpin family took up residence at 334 East Fifth Street and Ernest opened a candy shop near the old Ables Theatre, then, later, another at 336 East Sixth Street. As with many a youngster, Ben's childhood ambition was to be a fireman and he took great joy in following and watching his local Fire Company 25.

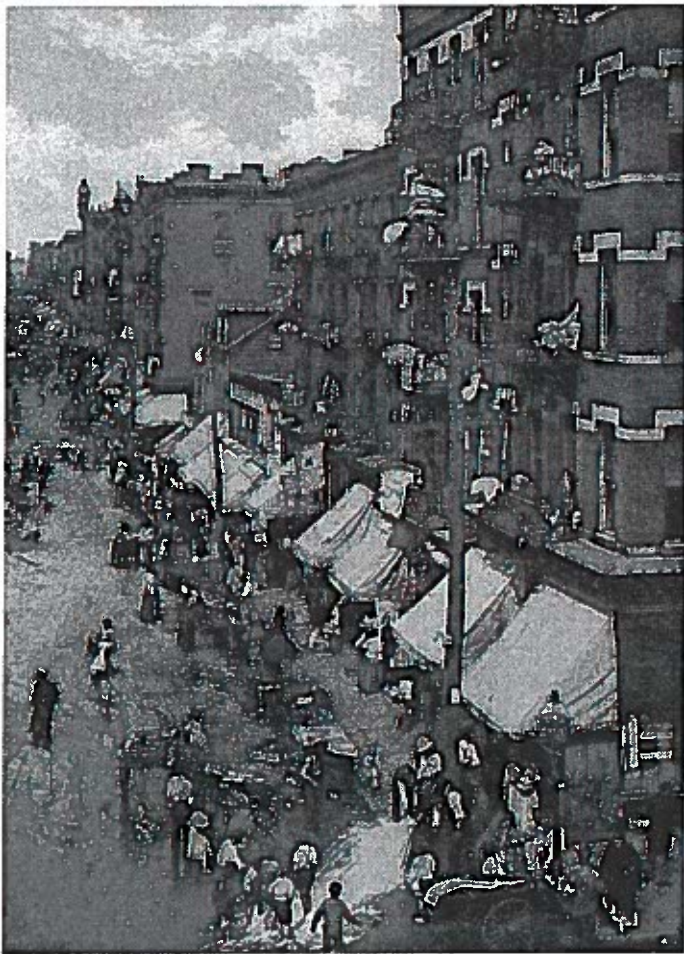
"I attended grammar school Number 25 and was not only the life of the school, but of my whole neighborhood. When I was a boy I joined the Fourth Street German Turn Hall and became a very good acrobat. I got my education – such as it was – in New York. When I quit school I went to work for a company that made trunks, jewelers sample trunks, Crouch and Fitzgerald...I was the shipping clerk." Ben was fourteen when he left school to work as a shipping clerk having retained that job for close to a year. He held a few other jobs at this early stage in his life including bellboy with the Hotel St. George on Broadway at ten dollars a month, room and board included and, later, cashier at Riddles Department Store on Grand Street for three dollars weekly.

"I decided against the candy business because I was fed up on it and liked beer and cheese at the corner bar a lot better.

"I kept on being the life of the neighborhood until I was seventeen, and then the old man called me in the parlor one night, looked me in the eye and said, 'Kid, you're gettin' pretty tough. Look, Ben, you ought to get away from here. Go out and see something of the world. Go West. There's lots of chances there. Go to Chicago. Go anywhere!

"I intend to sell my little business here,' he explained 'and move back to New Orleans. I've laid aside a hundred dollars for you. Here it is; take it and get out!

"That sounds all right,' I told him; 'but what am I going to do when the hundred's gone?"



A street in Ben Turpin's neighborhood on New York's Lower East Side in the 1890's

"I'll tell you," he answered. "You get a job. *Earn* your own living, and don't come back expecting any more money from me, because there won't be anymore!"

"Now here's a hundred bucks for yourself; go out in the world and amount to something." I took the hundred bucks and we shook hands. A hundred bucks was a lot of dough in those days – 1885.

"Well, I threw up my job and struck out. I went as far as Jersey City or some other place – I can't remember just where it was, now – and got into a crap game with some fellows. In no time I'd lost the whole hundred dollars!"

"Then I *was* in a fix! I was only a few miles from New York; but I didn't dare to go back home.

"I had never ridden a freight train up to that time – didn't know how, or anything about it. But I saw a train in the yards and climbed on, and the next thing I knew I landed in Chicago!"

"I arrived in the big city of Chicago with no friends and no dear old gang to meet me. It was on Sunday.

"I got off and brushed myself, but I didn't have any more money than when I started. My stomach ached for food. I saw some fellows who looked friendly, so decided to get some advice from them.

"How does a fellow get something to eat in this town?" I asked.

"Hit the backdoors!" one of the bunch replied.

"I did, and got enough to eat pretty quick. It looked like an easy life. I didn't feel any wish to go and hunt a job and start to work as long as food came free.

"Me and my grip started **across** the North Side of Chicago.

"I decided that inasmuch as I was a young man, I'd see the country before settling down. So I became a hobo, and a good one. I've been kicked off of more freight trains between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards than any other five-year man in the business. What do I mean? Well, for five years I rode the rods, the tops of cars, the inside of empties, coal cars, lumber cars, empty cattle cars and got so **used** to saying, 'Lady, would you give a poor young man a handout?' that I used to say it in restaurants after I went to work **again**.

"I could walk right up to the front gate and tell by the door of the house whether or not the lady had dogs. I'm telling you I had five years of that without doing a day's work.

"Back doors were the best inventions I'd ever run across. They were automatic food producers for me. I didn't stay in Chicago all the time, but went all over the country, and I didn't ever pay any fare, either. I'd get tired of a place, or it would get tired of me, and then I'd take a notion to go somewhere else.

"Well, I guess I'll go to New Orleans!" I'd say. And, by George, I went!

"Then maybe I'd take a notion to go to Pittsburgh. There would be a freight train handy, headed that way. All I had to do was climb on or under it. I bummed pretty near every place in the United States.

"All the time I was knocking around, I didn't have any desire to work. Not a twitter! But, just the same, I was thinking down deep that maybe sometime I might be an actor.

"When I was twenty-two years old I decided that I had seen enough of the country. It was getting too tough to **grab** a ride or a meal. Well, I landed in Cincinnati after a three day trip from St. Louis.

"When I fell off that **rattler** I decided that now was the time to go to work, so I mosied up town and looked around



Mack Sennett's classic "A Small Town Idol", 1921, relied on incidents in Turpin's past – Sennett style

until I saw a sign in front of a restaurant that said, 'Dishwasher Wanted'. I went in and knocked that job off for myself, and what a dishwasher I was.

"I worked hard, and was promoted to a hash slinger. Then I began saving my money and bought a proper suit of clothes. At my work of slinging hash all I wore was pants, carpet slippers and a shirt.

"I was well-liked around that place, and I made folks laugh. Well, I met some people that told me I was a pretty good comedian, and they asked me why didn't I go on the stage. The more I thought about being funny for money the better I liked the idea so I went on the road with a medicine show as the comedian at seven dollars a week and board. That was in 1891, I think, and I've been paid for being funny ever since.

Ben's first professional job as comic/salesman lasted but six months, his main duty pounding a large drum in order to attract a crowd to Chief Lo's Medicine Show. The Chief, a painless dentist, also relied on Ben's musical talent to drown out the screeches of the patients. "I did all kinds of acts with that show, including going hungry.

"One night in Chicago at a party, or some place where I was invited, I did some funny stunts and got them all to laughing.

"Say, you ought to be an actor!" a fellow said to me.

"Oh, I don't know" I told him.

"But, just the same, that remark hit me where I was living and made me think some more. One day I was reading in a paper and noticed an ad of a fellow who wanted acts for his theater. I got hold of another chap and we turned busy; wrote a comedy dialogue and put in some dance and song stuff.

"Say! What we doped out was a pip of an act. I'm telling you, we had hot stuff! We practiced it till we had it down fine, then we went around to see this fellow that had the ad.

"You want acts?" I asked him.

"What do you think I advertised for if I didn't want them?"

he came back.

"How much do you pay?"

"Twenty dollars a week for teams."

"All right, we'll be there. When do we start?"

"He told us, and we were right on deck!"

"That was my first job of acting. I was twenty-two years old when I tackled it.

"That manager must have known we weren't actors, even before we went on; but he had to have the act, so he didn't open his mouth.

"It came our turn to go on the stage. The music played, and there were some people out in front. We walked on and started our line of conversation.

"Maybe we got halfway through. Then I forgot every word I was going to say. I was silly with stagefright!"

"The other fellow was, too. He quit right there, and walked off.

"I was all alone, with nobody to talk to, and I couldn't remember anything to say anyhow. I couldn't stand with my mouth open and nothing coming out, so I began to do any funny things I could think of – stunts with chairs and furniture, comic tumbles – what they call silence-and-fun. Pantomime, that's what it was.

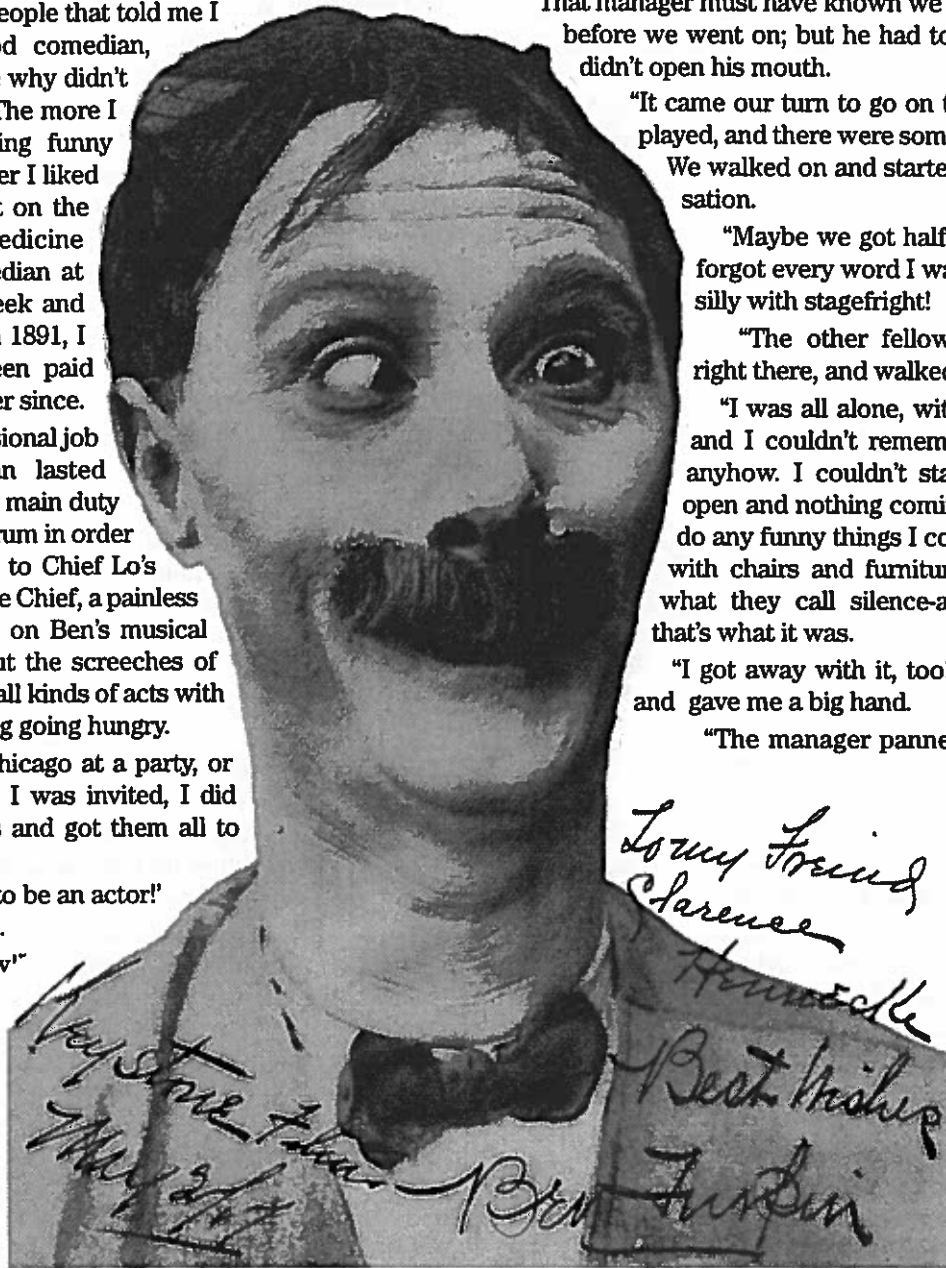
"I got away with it, too! The house liked it, and gave me a big hand.

"The manager panned me, of course, for balling up the act, but I had taken so well that he let me go on with my pantomime stuff without any partner. He kept me at it for three weeks. After two or three days I got over my stagefright, and then I was alright.

"That ended my days as a bum. I was an actor from then on.

I improved my stuff, invented some stunts, and borrowed some from other actors. All the time I kept trying to do my stuff just right, just the way that would take best with the public.

"I got bookings pretty regularly, and traveled everywhere – riding passenger trains now! As I got better, I made more money – twenty-five dollars a week, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty; but never any more than sixty.



Courtesy American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming

"That was good wages those days. It would have been better still if you always got it. But some weeks you worked and got it; and some weeks you didn't work and didn't get it. When you got it you were rich. When you didn't get it, maybe you pretty-near starved. Traveling and living expenses, and everything had to come out of it."

One day Ben saw a want-ad in a paper for a boy to handle props, act and do a specialty act every night with the Mabel Paige Repertoire Company – "salary fifteen dollars a week, money for ticket wired". The money was steadier than Ben was making at that time, so he wired for the job, the ticket was sent, and he joined the company. He reported to the manager, a pompous person, who promptly asked him if he could play a part.

"What do you mean, play a part?" Turpin asked.

"Why, speak lines! Carry a role!" explained the manager.

"I didn't get the idea," recalled Ben. "I can rustle props and do a specialty, and I guess I can speak a role, if you show me how. I'm a bright boy and trying to get along."

That Sunday night, Turpin played a part in *Tennessee's Partner*, rustled props for the rest of the actors and went out between acts and did a specialty. He made a hit and kept the job. The Mabel Paige Repertoire Company played each town or hamlet, every two weeks with a change of bill every night. Monday, *The Billionaires*; Tuesday, *Lend Me Five Shillings*; Wednesday, *The Road to Ruin*; Thursday, *Over the Hills to the Poorhouse*; Friday, *The Two Orphans*; and, always Saturday night, *East Lynne*.

Kenneth McGaffey, in his article *Turpin Tribulations* explained, "All Ben had to do was to go around town during the day and borrow what props and furniture was to be used in the play that night, haul it to the theater, put it on the stage, open the trunks and see that the actors received their proper costumes, rehearse his part, see that the scenery was all right, call the other actors when it was time for them to appear, play his part, and perhaps double in a couple of small roles, get out at the end of the first act and do his specialty, rush back and change his make-up and costume so as to be able to get ready for the second act. After the show, pack the costumes, move the scenery out of the way and get the furniture ready to be returned bright and early next morning."

"Ben was with the Mabel Paige Company for nigh onto two years. Then he quit, went into Chicago, and for quite a while barnstormed around there, playing the variety theaters, occasionally breaking the monotony by taking a tour with some musical comedy or 'turkey show', as they were known. The actors would organize a company, play

some town Thanksgiving Day, when good business was always assured, and if they got enough money, they would continue on to some other town; if not, at least they had enough to buy turkey that night – hence the name."

In 1899 cartoonist Frederick Burr Opper introduced his very popular comic character Happy Hooligan to the public. Happy was a clown-like figure with a round, shaven head topped with a tin can hat. He was often the butt of his own good intentions which so often backfired without fail. Ben Turpin would be the third in a trilogy of American vaudevillians to portray the fool, Happy Hooligan.

"One night I happened to see a fellow doing Happy Hooligan on the stage. It was a new act.

"I could do that," I said to myself. 'I'm a long-necked guy, and kind of funny looking.'

"So I got me a wig – bald you know – down to the fringe around the edges. I fixed up a tin can on my head and began to practice making Happy Hooligan faces, crossing my eyes and all the rest of the business. I was a knock-out! I was Happy Hooligan!

"I tolled back into Cincinnati and got a job doing my Happy Hooligan act in the Heck and Avery Museum there. My act got going better all the time and so I struck out for bigger fields by going to Chicago and working for Jones, Linick and Schaffer in one of their picture theaters. That must have been about 1902.

"I went on with it, getting better and better, always practicing the fine points. That's the way I was, trying to do it just right. I'd practice off the stage sometimes for hours at a stretch."

As for stranding with shows in strange and awful towns, Ben asserted that he held the world's record. For a while he had been trying to get on the Western Vaudeville Association time without much luck. A couple of other people were doing a Hooligan act, but Ben could never attract the eyes of the heads of that organization long enough to see him work. One day he happened to be in the

office when the manager of a theater wired down for a comedy act to be sent for his opening show the following day. The manager had booked an act, but had cancelled it at the last minute.

"I had about a dollar to my name. Not enough to pay my railroad fare to Marion, so there I was, with a job and no money to get to it. Finally, I took my suitcase and expressed it to Marion. Then, that night I sneaked down into the railroad yards and when the train slowed up, I jumped on and climbed up on the roof or deck, as it was commonly known. It was cold as the dickens, but I wrapped myself around a

* For a time, the 'museums' were very popular. They were divided buildings part freak show and part variety theater. Talented amateurs as well as beginners could find four or more days work easily.



Happy Hooligan

ventilator pipe and hung on. From up the pipe I could hear someone in a berth below snoring, and I wondered if I would ever be wealthy enough to be laying down there under nice warm blankets, taking life easy. When the train got into Marion, I slid down on the far side of the station and got uptown without being caught. I got my suitcase out of the express office, went up to a hotel that had a dining room in connection, cleaned up, ate a huge breakfast, for which I signed, and then took my stuff up to the theater. It being Monday morning, all the acts for the week were rehearsing, and the theater manager had on an awful grouch.

"What's your act?" he asked me, as soon as I came on the stage.

"Knockabout Hooligan," I replied.

"Oh. Lord!" he yelled. 'We had a Hooligan here last week, and he was so rotten I had to cancel him in the middle of the week. You'd better pack up and go right back to Chicago.'

"There I was, without a cent, in pawn to the hotel, and a long ways from home and money. You bet I put up an argument.

"Maybe my act is different," I said. 'It goes big everywhere I play it.'

"Well, it better be good, for if it isn't, I will close you after the first show," the manager said.

"To make a long story short, I never worked so hard in my life. I pulled falls that I had never done before, and I made good. The manager had put me on to open the show - the worst place on the program - but before the middle of the week, I had the star-act position. He got over his grouch and wrote a nice letter about me to the Chicago office. When I got back there, with what was left of my thirty dollars for the week's work, I had a route booked and was kept pretty busy for some time."

About the time the first moving pictures came around, enterprising showmen around Chicago rented vacant stores, filled the floor with seats, put up a screen, and a small stage, and for a nickle or dime would furnish a one-reel movie, a song and an act. Turpin joined Sam T. Jack's Theater in this capacity at \$3.50 per day. Sundays he worked twelve hours, from eleven in the morning until eleven that night, and once did twenty-five shows in that time. Years later the firm offered Ben one-thousand dollars for a one-night personal appearance but he couldn't spare the time to do it. "I told

'em," said Ben, "that many a long and anxious hour I had spent outside those doors just waiting for a chance to get a day's work at whatever salary they cared to give me...This success sure is fine."

On February 18, 1907 in Chicago, Ben married twenty-five year old Carrie LeMieux. She was born in Quebec on October 18, 1881, and was twelve years younger than Ben. On their marriage license, thirty-seven year old Ben claimed he was 32, starting the myth he was born in 1874. Turpin later recalled, "I'd married a girl who was making a man out of me, and it was a shame that she had to live the way I did, with nothing that even looked like a home.



Ben and wife Carrie LeMieux Turpin, 1920

They were very poor in the early years of their marriage, but Ben always spoke of how Carrie had stuck by him through all the lean years, cheered him, comforted him, cared for him, made him go to church and to confession, ministered to his needs and helped him out. She often assured him, "Never mind, Ben, better times are coming out there. We'll make it."

"I knew we would make it, so long as she was with me. Why, I would have lived on soup bones to give her the necessities. She was the first woman to believe in me that I had ever known.

"So when I got this tip about the movies, I looked around and got a job with Mr. Spoor (and Mr. Anderson)."

"I got into pictures when the little nickel theaters were just beginning to spring up. I was sitting in a booking agency one day, and a man I knew asked me if I wouldn't like to work in pictures.

"I didn't know what he was talking about when he said, 'Work in pictures...' I said 'How long will you keep me?' He says, 'As long as you make good.'

"You'll get twenty dollars a week," my friend said; 'you carry your own props. But it's steady money every week.'

In his *A Million and One Nights*, author Terry Ramsaye noted, "It was accepted practice then (for the studios) to impress the actors into serving as carpenters, scene painters and the like."

"That didn't look so bad to me. It would be better than fifty or sixty a week, *some weeks*, paying my own expenses.

"I played theaters in Chicago for three years straight and when I met 'Broncho Billy' Anderson on Randolph and Clark

Gilbert M. Anderson, better known as "Broncho Billy" and co-owner of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company



Street, I accepted the nomination at twenty dollars a week and a chance to gain undying fame.

"(Anderson) brought me over to his office, I laid around two or three weeks, and did not do anything, but I got my twenty dollars every week. I thought that was the softest job I ever had." After those first few weeks that was all to soon change.

The Essanay Film Manufacturing Company of Chicago, Illinois opened for business in a loft building above the Richardson Roller Skate Company at 501 North Wells Street in February 1907. The company name was devised from the surname initials of the two owners, George K. Spoor and Gilbert M. Anderson, *S an' A*. They adopted the then circulating Indian head from the American one cent piece as their trademark. Spoor was formerly proprietor of the National Film Rental Company in Chicago when Anderson, an ambitious actor with production dreams, approached Spoor with his ideals.

Anderson told the *Denver Post* in 1909, "Our studio in Chicago occupies a whole floor, and there we make all inte-

rior scenes, and maintain a picked permanent company of players. During the summer we make outdoor pictures in and around Chicago, but when fall comes, I take a photographer, property man and several principals, and follow the warm weather." Later, in the spring of 1912, Anderson along with a company of fifty-one artists and helpers eventually made their way to California where they set up shop and began Essanay's second studio in Niles.

"There weren't any high-priced movie actors then like there are now (in 1924). I worked over two years for twenty dollars a week, and I did everything around the place. I was an actor when they had a part that I could take, and the rest of the time I was janitor and shipping clerk."

In December 1918 *Photoplay* magazine and Harry C. Carr went *Looking Backward With Ben*:

Every morning when (Turpin) came to work, his first duty of the organization was to sweep out the boss' office.

After that he got together the props to be used that day and they started out on location. In those days the studio was in

a back lot in Chicago. They didn't have any interiors. When they simply had to have some scenery that they couldn't find outdoors, they painted a piece of canvas and hung it on the back fence. Then the play acted in front of it. The trouble was the sun cast shadows on it unless the sun was just right. As they didn't like to have the shadow of a comedian enveloping a whole mountain side they had to wait for the sun to be just right.

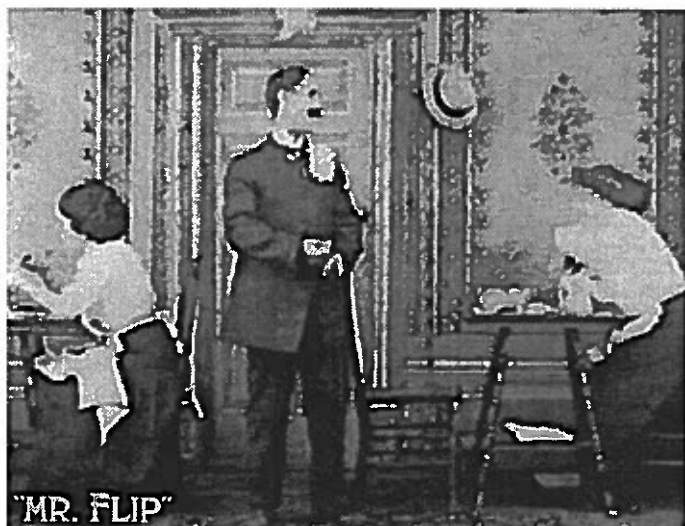
"I was supposed to be a comedian, property man, worker in the office, and when weather was bad, those days, we didn't have to work, then I had to clean up the offices of Mr. Spoor and Mr. Anderson."

Ben says that while they were waiting for the sun, he used to work in the shipping room with a hammer and nails boxing up film for shipment.

"It's funny how I got started in pictures. I was doing carpenter work in the old days at the Essanay studio when we had to borrow properties and use barns for stages or any location we could get free. One day Manager Spoor saw me climbing over a fence with a bouquet of flowers. He followed me through a field to a little graveyard. I was kneeling over a grave placing the flowers on it and smoothing over the dirt when he came up. It was evident that his curiosity was aroused and he seemed deeply moved about something.

"Ben," he said, "I'm frank to say I'm deeply touched. I didn't





"Mr. Flip" flirts with the manicurists. One of two extant Ben Turpin split-reel comedies of 1909 (Courtesy Rob Farr)

know it was in you to have such emotions. Let me buy some flowers for that mound. Whose grave is it? I'm sorry and would like to help you if I can.'

'For a moment I didn't know what to say, so I blurted out the blunt truth, 'Gee, I don't know whose grave it is,' I replied. 'We needed the flowers for the stage and this is where I found them.' Right then and there he engaged me for the next picture.

'They didn't use automobiles to go to locations then. They sent us out in street cars. Every actor had to carry part of the scenery. Out of gallantry we let the ladies carry the tripods of the cameras while we carried chairs and screens and office furniture. Of course we had to go in all our make-up and we used to have some strange adventures.

'They didn't think much of picture folks in those days.

'I remember one time that we had to make a comedy in which I had to fall in a fountain. Nobody would let us use a fountain so we went down to South Park Chicago and stole a location.

'I had just gone in with a grand flop when somebody yelled, 'Cheese it!' Everybody else took to their heels and beat it with their cameras over their shoulders; but here I was in the fountain. I came out flopping straight into the mitts of a policeman. Believe me, he was a big red-faced Irish cop and he didn't waste any words.

'I tried to tell him I was doing it for art's sake, but all he said was 'Come along'. They took me to jail and I was there four hours shivering in my wet clothes before I could get hold of anybody to bail me out. I didn't have a cent so when they let me out I had to walk home about a million miles in my wet rags.

'One time they needed a cop's uniform and, being the reg-



Turpin in 1920 with his cross-eyed dog, Towser, presented to him by a fan a year earlier

ular goat, they sent me to borrow one. You couldn't get police clothes at the costumers in those days.

'Well, I walks into a Chicago police station and I give them a happy smile. 'Good morning, gents', says I. 'I want to know if one of you gents will be so kind as to lend me a police uniform.'

'That was as far as I got. One of the big police sergeants got up and grabbed me by the coat collar. 'You can't ridicule a policeman in Chicago,' says he. And with that I was bounced on my bean out on the sidewalk."

According to the *Chicago Sun Times*, Turpin's first film for Essanay was the half-reel *An Awful Skate* (aka *The Hobo on Rollers*). Simply the comedy featured Ben "careening down street on skates, bumping into outraged pedestrians who were later paid two dollars each for their inconvenience." The film's inspiration was natural, the Richardson Roller Skate Company occupied the ground floor at Essanay.

In those earliest days, Anderson and Turpin would often cruise around Chicago in the company car in search of inspi-

Essanay

ration. Many of the short comedies originated in this manner along with often the briefest plot outline. For example, *The Faker* resulted when Anderson spotted a piece of soap in a grocer bin:

Scene One: Turpin steals soap by jabbing a nail attached to a string into soap, and walks away with other end of string in his pocket

Scene Two: Turpin cuts soap into little squares, wraps them and sells them on the street corner, his gestures indicating that it's a new corn remedy

Scene Three: Turpin moves to another corner, where limping customer catches up, angrily shaking the remedy at him. As Ben moves on, more and more customers join in pursuit, and the close is a pell-mell chase, with Turpin falling flat on his face.

Unfortunately, many of these early Essanay films are gone forever. Anderson explained in 1909, "(Our) films will be sent to the head office in Chicago, and from there leased to 'renters', as the jobbers of the moving picture industry are called. This lease calls for the return of the films after six months, for then they are worn out, and the company takes the means of protecting the people against spoiled pictures. The 'renters' then lease them out to the picture shows at so much a day. The first run of the films, of course, are seen in the cities at the best shows, and on down the line until the expiration of six months finds them delighting the Podunk populace. Then they are sent back to Chicago, and 'melted up', for there is a lot of silver in them. The Essanay Company, for instance, nets about \$2,000 a year from this melting process alone."

Those few films which may have escaped the inferno by now have surely, sadly, slowly decomposed, unless saved by the caring film preservationists. To the best of my present knowledge, the earliest and only surviving pre-1910, Ben Turpin Essanay comedies are the split-reelers *Mr. Flip*, released May 8, 1909 and *A Case of Seltzer*, also released in 1909.

Mr. Flip is typical of the style of comedies of this time, strongly influenced by French farce. Turpin portrays the aggressively flirtatious young man who can't keep his hands off the several young women whom he comes in contact with. The scenes swiftly change opening in a haberdashery where Ben is quickly whisked out the door; he next enters a shop for a manicure, but is so annoying to the girls that they fix him by pushing him onto a pair of sharp upright scissors. OUCH!! After that he enters an office reception area and again flirts with a girl. From her telephone switchboard, she electrocutes the pest sending him running. His next stop is a

barber shop for a shave and his flirtatious ways with a lady barber once again prove his undoing. Following this he stops at a bar where his flirting with the barmaid results in his getting doused with seltzer sprays. His final stop is a lunch counter and there's no stopping the insatiable flirt. The waitress slams a pie in his face and throws everything she can find at the annoying Turpin who leaves staggering blinded by pie filling. Perhaps he finally learned his lesson.

The making of a comedy was always a serious, and many times dangerous business, as many involved in the production of such a film would attest. In one of the early Essanay's a powerful and manly hero was to throw Ben out of a window and onto a pile of sawdust... according to the script. The hero got a little too enthusiastic and tossed Ben clear over

the sawdust resulting in a broken hip. During his convalescence, Ben worked in the developing room turning one of the big film drying drums which worked by hand power.

In the April 3rd, 1909 issue of *Moving Picture World*, one of the first magazines entirely devoted to the production, exhibition and business of motion pictures, Turpin wrote his autobiographical *Life of a Moving Picture Comedian*:

"This is a great life. I have been in the motion picture biz, working for The Essanay for two years, and I must say

I had many a good fall, and many a good bump, and I think I have broken about twenty barrels of dishes, upset stoves, and also broken up many sets of beautiful furniture, had my eyes blackened, both ankles sprained and many bruises, and I am still on the go. This is a great business. I shall never forget how about a year ago, I engaged a fellow to play a part in one of our pictures; he was to be thrown into the water, and I asked him if he could swim, and he said yes, so he was engaged to play the part. I, being a comedian, was to throw him into the water, which I did. The moment he hit the water he went down, and as soon as he came up he began to holler, 'Get the boat! Get the boat! Get the boat!' He came very near drowning. The moving picture operator was still grinding until the producer hollered to him to stop. We finally got the boat and got him out. The moment he got on shore he started to run, and we haven't seen him since.

"The hardest picture that I ever worked in, when I got mine, was called *Midnight Disturbance*, where a dog, and a bulldog at that, has to catch a pad which is attached to my waist, so he missed the pad, and he caught a piece of my flesh. I upset some scenery and we had to take it over again. On rehearsing the dog so as to catch the pad, I was bit several times, but the producer only says to me, 'Well, Ben, does it hurt?'" In the minds of the readers at the time, Turpin may



Ben Turpin as the Chief of Police along with his policemen in one of the early Essanay's circa 1913 (Courtesy American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming)

well have said too much in his story.

"At the end of two years I wanted a raise and I asked for more money.

"No," Mr. Spoor said. "The truth is Ben," he added, "I think you're getting stale in the pictures.

"Now suppose I just pension you off – give you twenty-five dollars a week, and you stay *out* of pictures."

"I looked him straight in the eye, and I knew then if I did what he said, Ben Turpin was a goner. He was *through*.

"I won't do it!" I said.

"He was obstinate and wouldn't give me twenty-five dollars a week and a chance to stay in pictures. So I went back on the road again.

"I went the round of the variety houses for three more years. It was the same old grind that I had gone into the movies to get away from, and soon I got sick of it.

Ben and Carrie remained very poor during the early years of their marriage. Sometimes when there was no booking for his Happy Hooligan act, Ben would leave Carrie home in Chicago and follow the country fairs as a taffy puller. Ben's duty to attract a crowd with his antics and grand flourishes with the taffy. Sometimes he would return home with a nice little nestegg, other times he would return via the brakebeams of a train, penniless.

During his hiatus from Essanay, Ben also worked in a circus and later recalled, "Several years ago I joined a circus troupe as a producing clown, and, naturally, that job gave me a chance to practice a fine line of neckbreakers. That's really where I got my experience (in taking falls). I don't rely much on science in taking falls, for really the most scientific tumbler in the world may easily hurt himself. My motto is: Throw yourself into the game and trust in Providence."

Turpin was one of, if not the best, tumblers in the business. In the field of "falls", the little Frenchman had few peers. There were many acrobats and tumblers in his day, but not many doing the popular 108 well into their sixties as did Turpin. The term 108 was synonymous with Ben Turpin.

Mack Sennett would later recall, "I've seen Turpin perform the 108 not only on streetcars but on concrete sidewalks – if there was an audience handy. A 108 is an acrobat's term for a comic fall which only the most skillful athletes can perform without lethal results. One foot goes forward, the other foot goes backward, the comedian does a counter somersault and lands flat on his back."

In his Sennett biography, *Father Goose*, Gene Fowler noted, "Turpin did not confine his leaping practices to the lot or the sidewalks. He used to simulate a high-diving epilepsy and fall from the platforms of streetcars. The trolley crews would be terrified. Once he staggered to the tracks and sun-fished directly in the path of an approaching car. The motor-man ground the brakes and Turpin rolled from the right-of-way just in time to escape injury. He quickly wriggled beneath the tracks of the now-stalled car and pretended he had been run over. Someone called an ambulance, and when the doctor leaned over Turpin to examine him, Ben opened his very cross eyes and almost scared the surgeon to death. Tramway officials requested Sennett to keep Turpin off their tracks.

"He's a menace," said the Inspector. "He breaks our motor-men's morale."

Turpin verified the seriousness of falls in an April 1919 interview with Emma Lindsay Squier for *Motion Picture* magazine, "Say! If you want to know whether the falls is real or not, look at this!" He rose from the table and moved over to a cleared space in the (Sennett lunch) room. Without the slightest preparation, he leaped into the air, turned a backward somersault, and came down flat on his back with an awful smacking thud.

"I gasped for breath, but he was on his feet before I could utter a word. The other actors went on eating merely glancing up as he brushed himself off; it was evidently Ben's little way of keeping himself in trim for his work.

"That's an easy one," he said as he rejoined us. "I can do eight different kinds of falls, and they're all real, believe me!"

"I believed him."

When there was a booking, Ben worked hard as usual on his Happy Hooligan act. Author Douglas Gilbert noted in his book *American Vaudeville. Its Life and Times*, "A comic must be close to his audience or the facial expression, eye work, and other subtleties are lost." Some days he performed as many as ten times a day between the hours of noon till midnight and even once made as many as twenty-five appearances during a days work. Crossing his eyes so many times to portray Hooligan and keeping them crossed for so many consecutive minutes brought on the permanent form of strabismus.

"You want to find out if the story is true about me getting my eyes in this terrible fix from looking at the bathing girlies we have out here? Well, 'tisn't.

"My eyes were straight when I started, perfectly straight. I wasn't such a bad looking fellow. But all this practicing and acting Happy Hooligan, crossing my eyes to look the part, strained them pretty bad. One morning I woke up and looked in the glass. My right eye was crossed, and I hadn't crossed it!

"I rubbed it with my fingers – this way. I thought I could push it back. But it wouldn't go."

Many variations were the stories of the day regarding the origin of Ben Turpin's eyes once they were world famous in the Mack Sennett Comedies, still years in the future.

Having consulted doctors, Ben was told that a minor operation would probably restore his eyes to normalcy, but he should discontinue his Happy Hooligan imitation. But with a schedual of bookings still ahead and the obligation to appear, Turpin postponed the operation until the end of the season. "Aw, what's the difference," I said. "Now I look more like Happy Hooligan than ever!"

Ben learned to live with his eyes and, later, was probably very glad he never went through with the eye operation, for they were the eyes that made a fortune for Ben Turpin throughout, and beyond the 1920's. In a 1923 interview, Ben wondered, "What is the use of uncrossing them? I'd only have to undo the work of the surgeons, because the public has decided that Happy Hooligan shall be perpetuated in me. I sacrifice myself to the public will. When I get old enough to

quit the screen I shall permit some surgeon to untie my eyes, but that won't be until my bank roll is of a size to justify. Then I will look the world in the face and 'go straight'.

Asked in 1924 whether or not he saw double, Ben snapped, "See double? No! That would be a fine fix, wouldn't it!"

"...But things broke tough (on the stage) and when the old wolf growled again I went back to Spoor and begged for work.

"I asked him to give me my old job again. I was ready then to take almost anything. You see, I was nearly fifty years old, and you couldn't call me a great big howling success, even if I had been making good money on the boards right along.

"Ben," Spoor said, "We've got Francis X. Bushman, Wallace Beery and a lot of them big stars and we can't afford to pay you anything, but if you want to sit on the extra bench and see what you can knock off, there's the bench." I protested that I was hungry. Spoor frowned and pointed to the bench. I sat.

"I went down to the reception room and waited. I came back every day for two weeks - and waited. Nothing turned up. Finally I went in to see Mr. Spoor again.

"Look here," I said, "you promised you'd see what you could do

for me. I can't wait around any longer. I've got to eat!"

"Well, he said then he'd give me a chance, and he took me on at my old salary of twenty a week. And I was glad to get it!"

"They had another comedian who was getting seventy-five dollars a week, and that was tall money.

"It was in the middle of winter and you know how those breezes blow off Lake Michigan! There was some ice floating around in the lake, and the first job they handed out to me was a corker.

"Ben," they said, "you're to run down to the lake, and this fellow - the comedian who was getting seventy-five per - 'he'll be chasing you. You jump in. He goes in after you.'

"That's an order! I thought.

"But I didn't say a word. I was glad to do it, for it was my chance to make good.

"When we got down to the place where they were going to make the picture, the man who was to chase me into the lake began to protest.

"See here! I'm not going into that lake in this kind of weath-

er,' he said. 'You wouldn't go in yourself and you know it!'

"Wouldn't, eh? Phooey!"

"This director runs and jumps in, overcoat and all!"

"The director crawled out of the lake and they wrapped blankets around him. Then they went ahead and got all set to make the picture. I ran, like I was supposed to, with the comedian after me, and into the lake I went.

"But my work was wasted. The comedian wouldn't jump in after all. He isn't a comedian anymore!"

"After that I got my chance and worked in some other pictures, and pretty soon I thought I was the comedian.

During the summer of 1913, Wallace Beery joined the Essanay in an acting and directing capacity at seventy-five dollars weekly. He appeared in a number of one-reel comedies and George Ade Fables for Spoor & Anderson before arriving at his popular characterization of Sweedie, the big Swedish girl.

Turpin was often a regular in the Sweedie shorts. Of only two extant Sweedie films, Ben is billed and appears as the Captain of the Life Savers and the only man to show the big girl any attention in *Sweedie Learns to Swim*. Beery's next release *She Landed a Big One* features an unbilled



The Chicago Essanay Company of actors and actresses, circa 1913-1914. Turpin stands in the back row far left. Others include Francis X. Bushman, Bryant Washburn, Wallace Beery, Leo White, and Beverly Bayne

and smaller role for Turpin as the Chief of Police among a whacky bunch of Keystone Cop-ish patrolmen.

Shortly after the release of these films Ben told *Moto-graphy* in December 1914, "It all means money to me. Everytime I get smashed out of shape, I am just so much more valuable for my oddity.

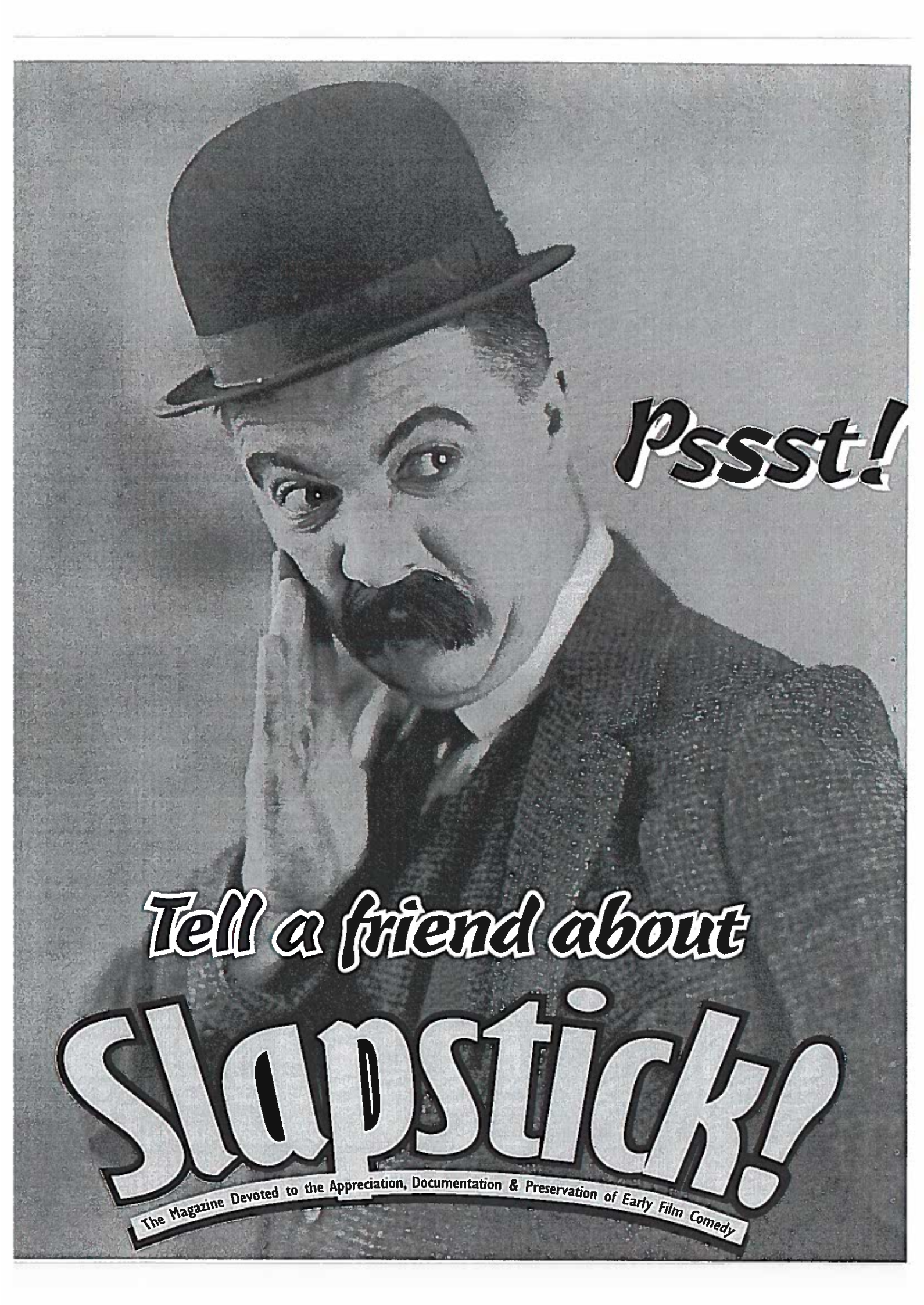
"I was born peculiar looking, and after I had my teeth knocked out and my head pushed out of shape, I began to look like a caricature. I can't walk along the street without someone laughing at me. I should worry. That's what brings me my ham and -"



Continued next issue...

*Sorry to leave
you hangin',
but...*

**TO BE
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THE MAN WHO DIRECTS THE KOMIC KOPS

WALTER WRIGHT *by* G. V.

As originally appeared in The (Los Angeles) Times Illustrated Magazine, July 1917

"I never seen Walter get mad when he was directin' but once. Old guy had to enter and exit playin' a butler. And – can you beat it? He spoiled 200 feet of film. Believe me that did get Walter's goat!"

Walter Wright's admiring and adoring cameraman spoke. Wright had disappeared to get a picture of a perfect camera type – the most beautiful movie queen in filmdom – in his estimation.

Wright is not at all the usual movie director – the somewhat stout, pompous, temperamental ex-stage director, who is ready and willing to give the final word on any known subject, and eager to pose for "publicity stills."

No, indeed – Walter gets red in the face and perspires when you ask him to talk about himself. He's an amiable, likable, unassuming fellow – big, broad-shouldered, sunburned, typically western. He slipped me the photograph almost sheepishly, and not until he was fortified with a fresh box of Murads and I was chewing a big wad of Wrigley's given me by the cameraman (I loathe gum!) did Wright get going.

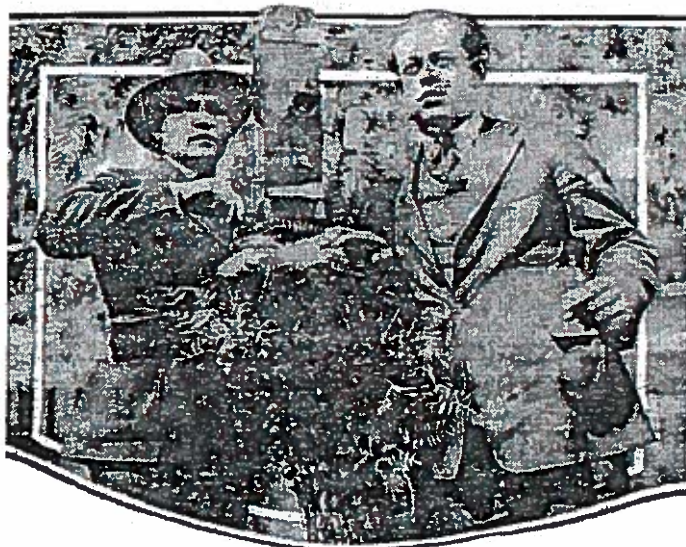
"You see I started in the picture business when it was pretty new – I won't say just how many years ago. Did you know the movies celebrated a twenty-seventh anniversary the other day? Well, I was a cameraman. First film I ever shot was a history of the Indians in Coshocton County, Ohio. It would sure look funny now! No close-ups or cut backs in those days. All the heart interest was built around a white woman and her baby. The Indians pursued her and she jumped off a cliff into a river with the baby in her arms. The Indians named that river Walhunting-White Woman."

"The film was historically truthful, then, wasn't it?" I tried hard to show a live interest in Coshocton County. "Did you have real Indians to pursue the white lady?"

"Nope. That was before Indians and Japs and Hindus and all the rest had gone into the movies – so our chiefs were mostly Ohio amateurs. That film would sure be a scream if they ran it now!"

"I hope I'll never see it! I'm so tired of Indians' cruelties. They've ceased to thrill me long ago."

"I got some thrills all right – when I was shooting it," Wright smiled. "You see I was working for an independent film company – all the other companies were trying



to get us for infringement of patent – using cameras they had patented. So I had to hide in the bushes while I was shooting – they were trying to get a still of me using their camera. It was a great sport!

"I built thirteen cameras with entirely different principles – to evade the law. But finally we independents won our rights – but only through a technicality."

"Why are the pictures so much finer now? Is it

because the cameras are so much improved?"

"Nope. The cameras are almost the same. The improvement is in the lens – that is, in the emulsion or coating on the lens. Then increased skill in the direction and shooting are the biggest reason for the results we get now."

How Thrillers Are Made

"You certainly get some wonderful effects in your Keystone comedies. Please – Mr. Wright – please do tell me how you make fat gentleman climb telephone poles like greased lightning? And handsome heroes vault over high stone walls without disarranging their pompadours? And beautiful leading ladies leap out of third story windows without even a backward look? And oh, tell me lots of other tricks you do that no one else even thinks of attempting!"

"Say!" – interrupted the cameraman – "ask the German war office what will be Von Hindenburg's next move!"

Wright grinned broadly. "Well there's reverse action and double exposure – but everybody works them. Lots of stuff we pull is on the level all right – only the speed of the shooting and the different rate in projecting make 'em look thrilling. Then lots of times we use supers to double for our stars – in jumps, high dives and stuff like that. We can find any number of supers that will do anything – for five dollars. We do all we can to keep 'em from breaking their fool neck – have a net below when they jump out of a third story window, for instance. For a collision between an auto and a train – we pile a wrecked auto upon the train at the start – then work in a good auto and back 'er up – cranking the camera backwards all the time we're shooting; when the hero has to jump up onto a high wall – we let him jump off – work 'er

backwards. Oh, there's nothing to it. The French are ten years ahead of us in trick stuff."

"Don't you believe him," protested the loyal cameraman indignantly; he wouldn't allow his chief to belittle his own skill and praise the French. "Nobody can put on the stuff Walter pulls. He's got 'em all skinned. His own original ideas, too! Why, Walter never even looks at a script when he's directing."

"And just when everything is going great the cameraman makes a bum suggestion and crabs the whole scene!"

Wright poked his cameraman in the ribs and the cameraman chuckled delightedly. The bond between these two, their love for the camera and their absorbing interest in their work had formed a friendship which was truly a joy to see.

"There's a lot more room for inspiration in comedy than in drama," Wright went on after his pleasantry. "You've got to depend on the impulse of the moment. And you never can tell whether its going to register a laugh or not. We waste a great deal more film matching up in comedy than in drama. About an average of 13,000 feet waste film for only a two-reel comedy. In drama 2000 feet in five reels."

"Comedies are certainly precious things, these days – though personally I laugh most at vampires deluxe – I think comedies are what the public really want, aren't they?"

"Sure. The market for comedy is tremendous everywhere since the war, especially in London. And one thing most people don't consider – producers only break even on the film they market in the United States – all their profit is made in Europe and Japan. The Japs are nutty over comedy. They sometimes run five Keystones on one bill."

Women in Comedy

"Are women as clever in comedy as men?"

"We use 'em mostly just for feeders. They're so anxious to keep their hats on straight or so afraid they'll lose their curls, they won't do much rough stuff. It takes a Marie Dressler or a Flora Finch to go to it right."

"But those two are – well hardly built to be movie queens, are they? Tell me Mr. Wright, what's your idea of a perfect type for a movie queen? Is she one?" I pointed to the photograph he had given me.

"You bet!" I hoped for a glowing eulogy of his favorite star. Wright looked so enthusiastic, but he immediately became impersonal. "I suppose I'm strong for the brunettes." (Wright is blond)

"Eyes are the main thing on the screen, and brown or black eyes register best, so I say give me a brunette even if she has bleached hair. Blue eyes, unless they're very dark, register almost white. Then she's got to have a pretty mouth and good teeth, gold filling looks awful and –"

"Must your movie queen have brains as well as beauty?" I interrupted. Wright's the sort of fellow you're not afraid of interrupting.

"Sure – and she's got to use 'em. If a girl don't think while she's acting, she might just as well go back to the farm. She's got to have brains and pep and personality. I've tried out some baby dolls that looked like winners and when they came on the screen – blah! – might as well be a piece of cheese! No personality!"

"I've heard that Griffith says he wants girls who have no ideas of their own, who will just do as he tells them. He wants them to be like clay in a sculptor's hands –" with an unctuous flourish I quoted an actor friend.

"I don't know Griffith personally, never saw him work, but I'm sure you've got him wrong. Why, just watch Mae Marsh. She thinks every second, there isn't a brainier actress on the screen. Ever watch her change an expression in a close-up?"

"I just love close-ups, don't you?"

"I think they're overdoing them a lot lately. I can't see this W. S. Hart stuff, twenty minute close-up and all he does is raise his eyebrows."

"Now please don't make fun of Hart. I have loved him since I saw him on the stage – in 'The Virginian.'"

A Bas the Amateur

"Oh, he's a good actor, all right. We want real actors more all the time. We're getting tired of drug clerks and sales ladies that think they can act. When they're getting camera broke they are frights – they're so self-conscious. The women lots worse than the men. Regular actresses know what to do with their hands – but amateurs never do. They try to hide them behind their backs or stick 'em in their pockets, or they put their fingers in their mouths!"

"Even some big actors never get over being scared green the minute the cameraman starts shooting – they'd spoil the finest picture ever produced."

"Do you think there will ever be anything more surpassingly beautiful than Cecil B. DeMille's 'Joan the Woman?' Can they improve the pictorial effects DeMille got in that?"

"Never saw it. But – well – I'll give you a tip. I've got hold of something that's going to be a big thing. I've been working on it for eight years and I've got it perfected now. Ever looked through an old-fashioned stereoscope?"

"Yes I had. Grandmother's on her marble-topped table in the parlor!"

"Remember how it made the figures in a photograph stand out? Well I've found a way to do that to the films, give them perspective. And it's going to be a sensation. The effect is great. We are forming a new company now to introduce it to the public."

"Oh, that's splendid. Aren't you proud to have discovered it? Won't it be worth a lot of money to you, Mr. Wright?"

"Money! Say, take it from me," cried the cameraman rapturously, "Walter's going to make a million! And when he does, will he get the big head? Not him! He'll still be just like you see him now. Walter's a regular guy!"

The Hard-Luck Twins

How a well-known team of screen comedians
turned their troubles to good account

By Harry C. Carr

As originally printed in Picture Play Magazine, May 1919, pgs. 73-75

CHARLIE LYNN and Ben Turpin had just posed for a close-up back of a picket fence in the Mack Sennett Studio. You know Charlie and Ben, of course. Charlie is the one with the drooping mustache, and Ben is the one with the funny eyes.

"You may not know it," said Charlie to me, "but you have to be a natural-born, dyed-in-the-wool, name-blown-in-the-glass, hard-luck genius to do this sort of thing. You --"

"That's right," interrupted Ben. "Now, take me, for instance, I --"

"Shut up!" said Charlie, reaching for a sledge hammer. Ben subsided.

"The test is whether you're the sort of person that always has a jinx following you," Charlie went on. "If you're always getting busted up and hit over the bean and stepped on, the thing to do is to capitalize your misfortunes and become a comedian. Some men go through hard luck for years, working at the wrong trade. But I discovered early where my talents lay.

"I was a sceneshifter in a theater, and my first job was to drop a bag of gold onto the stage. Of course I got the signals wrong, let go too soon, and as a result the leading lady was laid out cold. What happened to me was still worse. But it showed me what I ought to do."

"I had a worse one than that," said Ben. "I was a taffy puller at the country fairs, and one of my stunts was to pretend to hit someone in the crowd with the long hank of the stuff, which I'd jerk back and swing over the hook with an artis-

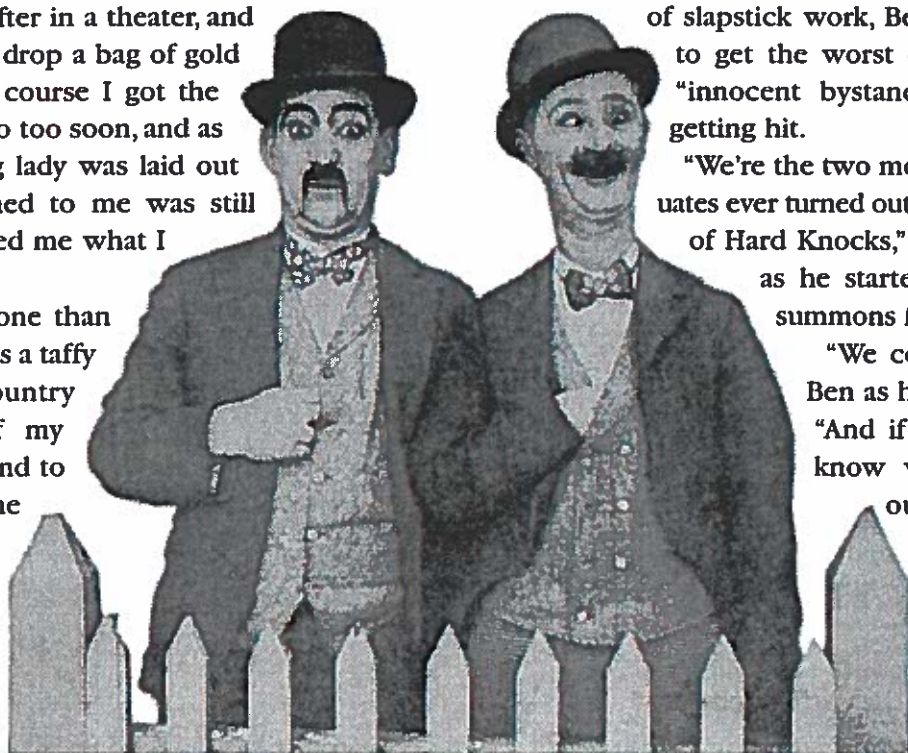
tic swipe just in time to miss him. Well, one day I made a swipe at a fat man. But I wasn't looking where I was throwing, and I wrapped the hot taffy around his neck. He turned out to be the chief of police of the town, and I left the village that night. I turned up in Chicago and made a bee line for the movies. And I've been in 'em ever since."

But capitalizing one's calamities doesn't chase away the jinx. For though Charlie and Ben have learned a lot about how to fall down or how to take a wallop with the least amount of injury, they still seem to keep running into hard luck every now and then. In fact, Charlie got bumped so many times and so badly that there was a time when he lost his nerve, and he had to take himself in hand very seriously in order to get his confidence back again.

And Ben seems always to be pursued by some sort of trouble as bad as having a chief of police, wearing a muffler of hot taffy, chase him off from a fair ground. If there's any chance for things to go wrong in a piece of slapstick work, Ben usually manages to get the worst of it. He's like the "innocent bystander" who's always getting hit.

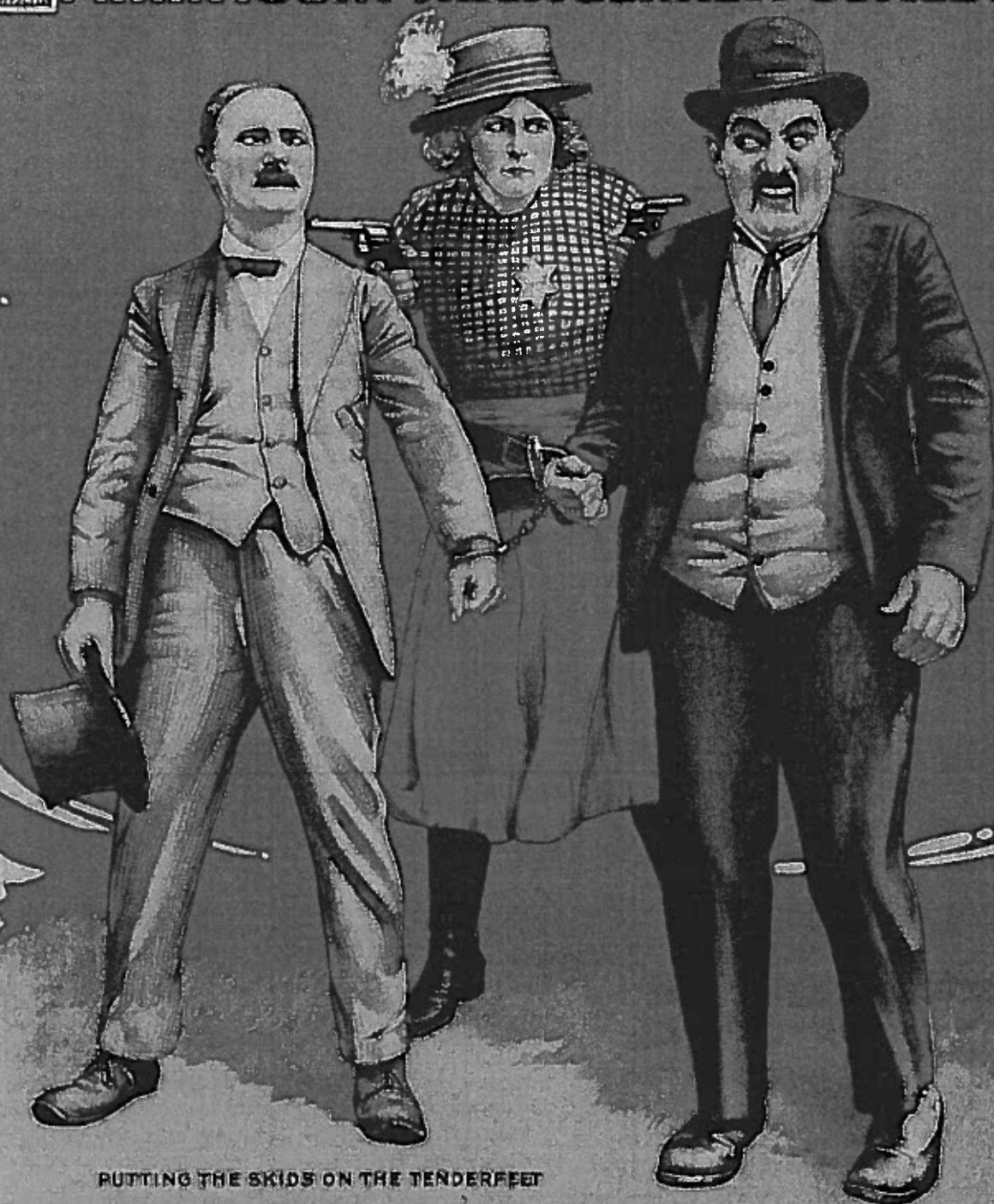
"We're the two most prominent graduates ever turned out from the University of Hard Knocks," Charlie said to me as he started off to answer a summons from Mack Sennett.

"We certainly are," added Ben as he turned to follow. "And if any one wants to know what we think of our jobs," he concluded, "you can tell 'em that it's great to live for one's art, but it's hard on the teeth."





PARAMOUNT-MACK SENNETT COMEDY



PUTTING THE SKIDS ON THE TENDERFEET



"Two Tough Tenderfeet"

WITH

POLLY MORAN • BEN TURPIN
and CHARLIE LYNN =

"Two Tough Tenderfeet"

A Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedy

Mack Sennett Production MS19

Two reels (1,775 ft)

Directed by F. Richard Jones
in collaboration with Hampton Del Ruth
work title: *Two Crooks*

Final synopsis dated May 17, 1918

Copyright June 1, 1918

Released June 16, 1918

Cinematography by Fred Wood Jackman
and J. R. Lockwood

Cast:

Ben Turpin	}	Pals
Charles Lynn		
Polly Moran		Still Sheriff
Laura LaVarnie		Her Ma
Jack Cooper		A Man of Mystery
Bert Roach		A Bad Egg
Wayland Trask		A Popular Traveler
Paddy McQuire		A Diner
Hank Mann		A Gambler
Billy Gilbert		
Roxanna McGowan		

The boys going west

This title introduces Ben Turpin and Charlie Lynn in closeup inside train passenger car on opposite sides of little table practicing poker; Ben deals and cuts the cards while Lynn watches him, correcting his bad breaks, etc. Lynn finally indicates that he is broke.

A popular traveler

This introduces Wayland Trask in the seat behind Lynn fast asleep. Lynn turns in his seat, leans over and carefully extracts Trask's watch and chain; Trask almost waking up in the process. Lynn's action is not seen by Turpin who is down under the table, possibly fixing cards; as Ben comes up, Lynn turns back and making a motion as if pulling the watch and chain, just swiped from Trask, out of his pocket, lays it down and tells Turpin:

"I'll bet this."

Turpin is agreeable; they now playing. Lynn also loses this. In the seat behind them Trask wakes up and his attention attracted by the poker players turns, and is agreeably surprised at the prospects of a game. He gets up and comes to their table and sits, telling them:

"Deal me in."

Turpin deals the cards. Trask pulls out a big roll of money. Both Lynn and Turpin look at it in amazement.

A little by-play

While Trask is looking at his cards, Lynn takes a card out of his pocket and puts it into his hat band, and then puts the hat on his head, accidentally with the face side of the card, an ace, toward Trask. Trask looks at it in amazement, while the unconscious Lynn, very guilty, tries to look innocent enough. Trask sees chance while Turpin and Lynn are talking to change the ace in Lynn's hat for a common deuce putting it face-in however. Trask puts the ace in his own hand. Turpin backs up and sees the card in Lynn's hat in dangerous sight, calls Lynn's attention to it by a gesture; Lynn hastily changes the hat around and again guiltily smiles at Trask. Trask asks Lynn for a match; Lynn takes advantage of this to take hat off and hold it over to Turpin; Turpin sees his opportunity and quickly takes card off same and without looking at it, being so sure of what it is, slips it into his hand which he lays face down on the table. Turpin now starts the betting by saying:

"I'll start it off with a thousand."

Trask looks at his hand, smiles very satisfied and says:

"I'll raise you five."

Turpin is much surprised by this bet and has to be reassured that Trask means it. Turpin is a little shaky, but Lynn reassures him and Turpin comes back saying:

"I'll boost you five."

Turpin still overconfident, does not look at his cards; Trask now shows; lays down first a deuce; then four aces, one after the other. Turpin looks at them and cannot believe his eyes; Lynn looks at them and realizes something has gone wrong with their plans and pulls his hat down over his eyes and tries to look out of the window unconcerned. Trask rakes in the money and pockets it. Turpin now pulls out the watch and chain he won from Lynn and holding up to Trask says:

"Is this any good?"

Trask looks at it: is surprised to see it looks like his own; feels and discovers his own is gone; takes hold of it with his fingers and answers Turpin:

"I should say it is!"

In answer to Trask's inquiry where he got it, Turpin indicates Lynn, who almost passes out when he sees what Turpin has done. Trask indicates they will play, but reaches over to window and pushes the call button for conductor. Lynn reaches over and whispers to Turpin indicating Trask:

"You boob - that's his!"

Turpin now realizes what kind of a position they have got themselves into, throws down his cards and says:

"I'm through!"

Turpin tries to leave and gets up, but Trask stops him and pushes him back into his seat. The conductor comes on; Trask whis-



them back out of Lynn's reach. Paddy now undertakes to eat some of the peas with his knife without success; time after time he tries, but each time they all roll off before he can get the knife into his mouth. Lynn is watching with interest and sympathy; finally Paddy has managed to get one flat-sided pea to stick to the knife and is about to put it to his mouth when Lynn, unable to stand the suspense any longer, reaches over and taps Paddy on the elbow causing the hopeful pea to roll off the knife and be lost, and consequently rouse Paddy's ire. But Lynn appeases him and tells him:

"I'll show you."

He tells Paddy to reach him the peas, which that gentleman with a considerable effort at reaching, does. Then he asks for the mashed potatoes and Paddy reaches them for him. Lynn puts some out on his plate. With his knife and fork he rolls potatoes and peas together on his knife and with great pleasure puts them in his mouth. Paddy watches with interest, evidently having learned something about peas. But with a smile, Paddy, not to be outdone, takes his tea cup and with his spoon half fills it with peas from the dish, and lifting the cup to his mouth, literally drinks the peas in it, and turning to the astonished Lynn, says:

"You're not so smart."

Lynn is unable to make any reply.

Cecil Legree, the villain with the mortgage

Bert Roach, playing this part, enters the hall where Ben is standing. He deliberately gives Ben a kick in the rear; Ben backs

out of his road. Roach starts in; Ben kicks at Roach and misses him clear. Roach sneers at him and enters sitting room into the presence of Polly; he speaks to her:

"It's up to you gal – pay the mortgage or be my wife."

Polly despairs; Ben, in hallway, opens door to eavesdrop; Roach turns around and flicks the ashes off his cigar right into the peeking Turpin's eyes; Turpin backs out. Polly leaves Roach and goes into hallway where she turns to stairway sobbing and her shoulders shaking; she turns and comes down to Turpin and tells him:

"I must marry him to save our home."

Ben sympathizes with her and tells her:

"Steady Gal – I'll take a hand in this!"

Roach enters the hallway to Ben and Polly; he demands rather roughly to know the meaning of it as he sees Ben and Polly kissing; Ben crosses to Roach and demands:

"Well – what's your next move?"

Ben makes a fierce gesture; Roach hauls back and knocks Ben to the floor. Roach threatens Polly and exits as Ben slowly gets up and reels back to a bench in the rear of the hall where he sits down. Polly in despair. Ben sort of comes to. Inside the dining room at the table Lynn picks up a hot coffee pot which burns him and, unable to hold it, he tosses it to Paddy, who hastily gets up; the hot coffee pot having dropped inside the front

pers to him about the two sharks; Lynn shakes Turpin's hand good-bye. The conductor grabs Turpin and rushes him out. Trask does the same for Lynn. They rush them through the aisle of a couple of cars to the back platform where they turn each face to the road behind; then the conductor and Trask simultaneously lift them each by the seat of their pants and dump them over off the moving train. The two bounce up once or twice as the train goes on. The men finally on the track sit up and look after the train. Lynn slowly raises to his feet and gives Ben a pitying look saying:

"You're a bright fellow!"

Turpin manages to get to his feet but seems all bent out of shape and can hardly make it. Lynn with a gesture that means he don't care starts off with Turpin painfully following him. The whole scene is that of a desert.

Worn out and thirsty

Ben and Lynn come on to a cave where they knock. The door opens and a fierce looking hermit of big stature comes out. He sees they seem to be in hard straits and steps back in. The men frightened at his appearance run. The hermit coming out pursues them. A panoramic chase follows through the desert with the cave man closely pursuing them. They run along the sky line on top of a steep sand bank; in a side shot, they both jump landing in the sloping sand and sliding down. They get on their feet and run again; the wild man also comes down bank and another panoramic chase follows.

Some miles later

Lynn and Turpin having distanced the wild man come on to a big pile of rocks set; they stop for breath; Lynn turns to Turpin and bawls him out saying:

"If I stick to you, I won't last much longer."

While they are talking, a lion comes up over the top of the rock and sits on the top of same. Ben happens to look up first and sees the lion. He is paralyzed and made speechless by fear for a moment or so. His knees and legs begin shaking violently much to the bewilderment of Lynn, who looks at him wondering what's the matter. Turpin recovers the control of his hand and begins trying to point, but don't get his hand any higher than his hips. Lynn is still puzzled and thinks maybe something is the matter with his clothes and begins looking, but don't find anything. Turpin gradually gets his pointing finger a little higher; in a closeup we see him still endeavoring to point. Lynn finally turns his back to the lion and begins pawing the dirt like a dog does, then starts off on a run closely followed by Turpin; over a fence they go. The lion comes down off the rock and runs after them also jumping the fence. The lion is in close pursuit. A skyline pursuit on top of a high sand cliff or bank is shown. Then of Turpin alone on the panorama pursued by lion kicking up the dust in great shape as he runs. Another skyline chase between Turpin and lion. Lynn has gotten away and jumps down into a depression by a bush in the desert near a sign post. Another shot of Turpin pursued by the lion going harder then ever. Back to Lynn he looks up at the sign post which bears the legend "25 miles to Crooked Bend" with a hand pointing the direction.

Under the bush a rabbit is washing his face; Lynn hears a slight noise and imagines it's the lion again. The rabbit also a bit scared jumps out at Lynn's feet; Lynn never stopping to look runs off with the rabbit running in the same direction. The rabbit pursues. A panoramic chase follows.

In Crooked Bend - five minutes later

Lynn is discovered on the streets of Crooked Bend on exterior of boarding house. He is covered with dust and all. He takes his handkerchief and blows his nose and the dust flies out of his ears. He turns and enters the boarding house. Inside, in a stairway set, he looks around and sees sign "Dining room" then pulls picture out of his pocket and looks at it - insert picture of Turpin - he speaks to the picture tearfully:

"Old Pal - I knew you'd never die in bed."

With this last expression for his pal, he turns his attention to the dining room and strides down to the door determinedly; he opens door and looks in. At the opposite end of the table Turpin is discovered eating the drumstick of a turkey and reading the newspaper at his elbow. He is all dolled up, clean and washed-up. Ben now sees Lynn; Lynn faints to the floor, it being too much for him. Ben walks down to where Lynn is and asks him:

"What detained you?"

He assists Lynn to his feet; Lynn with unsteady feet walks down the side of the table and sits in a chair; as he does so with no uncertainty, he stuffs the napkin in his collar and reaches over and grabs the drumstick Turpin had been gnawing on. But Turpin grabs it out of his hand before he has a chance while Lynn can not understand what is the matter. A Chinaman comes on and Turpin tells the Oriental handing him the food:

"Take it away or he'll eat it!"

The Chinaman exits with the food, while Ben hands Lynn a glass of water and allows him to drink some of it.

Western Hospitality

Sheriff Nell welcomes the boys to her mother's boarding house

Polly and her mother, Laura LaVarnie; Ben and Lynn are on in hallway. Polly shakes Lynn heartily by the hand and then crosses to between her mother and Ben; they hold hands a moment looking into each other's eyes.

Budding love

Polly crosses Ben to door and they still look into each other's eyes very fascinated. Finally she exits into dining room with mother. Lynn now enters the dining room. The other boarders are lined up on both sides of a long table. Lynn sits down at the near end; he reaches for a dish; a boarder grabs it and it is passed rapidly down to the other end of the table and to safety. Two more dishes are whisked away from him in the same manner. Lynn is much puzzled just how to get hold of any food. Finally noticing that the other end of the table where the food was passed to is unoccupied, he gets up and walks around to the other end and sits. Next to him is sitting Paddy McQuire who whisks a dish of peas out of his hands, helps himself and puts

part of his big loose trousers; he dances around in great excitement and finally pours a pitcher of water inside his pants over the hot pot. Inside hallway, Ben, on bench, is threatening dire punishment for Roach. Paddy runs out of dining room. Lynn throws bucket of water after him; Ben gets it and is thoroughly soaked sitting on the bench.

Pards

Ben in hallway is sympathized with by Lynn who comforts him; they agree to help each other; start to shake hands, miss and almost fall past each other; they get each other's hands and shake and exit up the stairway.

End of Reel One

Second Reel

To outwit Legree and help the girl

Ben and Lynn in their room bring out their trunk; Lynn opens it; Ben gets in and stoops over so Lynn can close the lid. Lynn does so but Turpin is not far enough in the trunk for the lid to go close. Lynn gets on the lid and forces it down which also forces Turpin's head into the end of the trunk with such force as to push the end of the trunk out around Turpin's head leaving a bump in one end. Lynn now stands the trunk on end on the bump while he turns to open door. The trunk unbalanced by the bump tumbles over; Lynn hears it and turns to see what is the matter without having opened door. Lynn is puzzled and picks the trunk up and feeling there is something wrong with the end that is on the floor bounces it on the floor in an endeavor to make it stay. He finally turns the trunk over and sees the bump. He taps it with his hand, and finally leans over and calls inside to Turpin:

"Are you comfortable?"

Turpin's answer is apparently satisfactory, and Lynn gets the trunk up on a table, turns and grabbing the trunk by the bump, pulls it on his back and starts out the door; then recovering himself, he balances trunk while he opens door and goes out in hallway and down stairs and out of doors; he comes around to the entrance of Roach's office and enters. Roach is sitting at his desk by the safe; Lynn without saying a word or questioning Roach, turns and dumps the trunk into the safe, bump up, closes the safe door and whirls combination as Roach gets up in amazement. Lynn starts back; Roach gets up and follows back to him questioning what he means by all this; Lynn answers:

"It contains all my hopes of success."

Roach doesn't know what to make of it; inside the safe Ben opens trunk lid and looks about. Lynn exits; Roach walks down to safe, turns combination; inside Ben gets money; Lynn looking back in office sees Roach; Roach looks inside safe but Ben has disappeared into trunk; Lynn calls Roach down and tells him:

"I've changed my mind."

Roach accompanies Lynn to safe where Lynn picks up the trunk by the bump and exits out of the office with it. Outside he falls on porch in sitting position; then gets up and goes ahead; the trunk gets the best of him and he runs into a tree with it;

then goes backward into a watering trough; the end of the trunk breaks and Ben struggles out of the trunk into the water where Lynn assists him out; Ben shows him the sack of coin he has secured. They start off toward boarding house.

It looked easy to Cecil

Roach enters the boarding house again to Polly and taking her a bit roughly by the hand says:

"I came for my answer!"

Roach points out indicating the alternative. Ben and Lynn come on in hallway and enter room to Roach and Polly. Roach to Lynn; Ben to Polly. While Lynn is engaged with Roach, Ben hands Polly sack of coin and tells her to use it and pay off the mortgage; Polly now turns to Roach and tells him to:

"Give me them papers!"

Roach hands over the papers; Polly hands him the sack of coin saying:

"The love of Nell McCarthy is not for sale!"

Lynn points out ordering Roach to go. Roach exits. Polly shows Lynn the mortgage.

Sunday morning

The dawn of a new life

In the upper hallway of the boarding house Polly and Ben dance on and stop between their respective room doors and are

Cooing

Roach, occupying a room back of them, opens the door and looks out on the little love scene; he pulls a big picture out of his pocket which is a "Warning" — containing the two pictures of Lynn and Turpin, with the name of "Fuse Willie" below the picture of Lynn and the name "Pussyfoot Joe" beneath the picture of Turpin. It describes them further as "Celebrated safe blowers — recently paroled from Liberty Prison." Roach looks over at the couple getting over that he is on to the two heroes and plans nothing good for them. Polly and Ben separate and go in their respective rooms. Inside the room Ben is distracted — Lynn comes on to him with a feather duster held up to his face; Ben beholds him and almost passes out in fright; Lynn removes duster and Ben sees it is only his pal. Ben laughs and tells him to be more careful.

Villainy afoot

Roach in his office goes down to his safe door and opens it.

Sh! Mystery!

Jack Cooper opens the door of the office, looks in and sees what Roach is up to; Roach at safe is monkeying with a big box of dynamite in the lower part of the safe which is plainly shown to be empty. Cooper nods understandingly and using his cane as a tripod hangs a little Kodak on it and snaps a picture then exits out through the window of the office. Roach inside is busy with

A scheme to get the boys in wrong

He climbs on table and attaches wires from dynamite to hands of clock in order to make an explosion when the hands come together and establish electric contact a few minutes to ten. He

tests them and climbs down.

A treat for the natives

Ben comes down into the lower hall of the boarding house all dressed up in his best which are his only clothes; he puts on a high silk hat and exits into the street and struts down same. Roach inside office finishes preparation for his dirty work and exits.

In church for an alibi

Roach passes down the aisle of the crowded church and sits in a front pew nodding around to friends and acquaintances as he does so. Polly and her mother and the two boys, Lynn and Turpin enter and take a back seat; Lynn crowding in and having to be reminded to take off his hat by Ben. In the front seat Roach pulls his watch out of pocket and looks at it; is only a few minutes to time for explosion. Roach settles back to calmly wait. Cooper comes on to exterior of Roach's office. Inside we show hands of the clock but a seconds apart; outside Cooper; inside the hands of the clock touch. The safe explodes and blows out. Outside the doors and windows are blown out of the building and Cooper disappears in a cloud of smoke. Inside the church everybody hears the explosion; Roach and Polly run out followed by everybody else. Up the street they come to the wrecked building. Polly runs in through the blown out window and sees the open safe and the damage done. She comes back out followed by Roach. Roach now calls their attention to Ben and Lynn standing near and accuses them saying:

"These jail-birds did it!"

Roach pulls the accusing picture out of his pocket and hands it to Polly who looks at it and passes it on to the boys. Cooper is standing next to Roach an interested observer.

Sheriff Nell's duty

Polly is proceeding to handcuff the boys. Cooper now pulls his coat open and displays a couple of enormous guns one of which he pulls on Roach and tells him to put up his hands, saying:

"I represent the police!"

With the other he pulls a picture out of his pocket and shows it to Roach saying:

"This speaks for itself!"

It is a picture of Roach fixing to blow his own safe up. Roach endeavors to get hold of picture, but Cooper prevents him and passes it on to Polly. Roach now takes advantage of Cooper; knocks him down; kicks Ben and Lynn over and escapes, jumps on his horse and rides away. Polly promptly runs in shooting, jumps on another horse and pursues Roach. Ben and Lynn run on to horse and climb on its back; the horse in response to their efforts to make it go simply turns around slowly and lays down with them. Lynn goes to the horse's head and endeavors to lift him up. Then goes around behind Ben and getting horse by tail endeavors to get the horse to get up in this fashion. In the meantime the hot chase is going on with Roach pursued by Polly and the drunk. Lynn and Ben give up that horse in disgust and run and jump on another horse that promptly runs off with a jump and swing that almost throws them off. As they leave, a man runs to stop them but Turpin merely grabs his hat as they

go. Insert of the two men in rather rough riding on the horse. The horse runs beneath a tree limb that catches Ben; Ben swings over and over gaining enough momentum, lets himself loose and goes through the air catching Lynn and the horse and landing behind him on horse's back, rides on with him again. An Indian is seen on a rock watching the chase. He jumps down and swings onto his horse and away through the rocks. Roach on horseback runs into rock set and into big canyon set. He looks down into the chasm; then turns his horse back out; here he throws a rope that crosses the chasm and lariat's a rope on the opposite side forming a rope bridge across same. Roach jumps off horse and runs in, jumps up and catches rope and starts going across same hand-over-hand. Polly rides onto rock set, rides in and sees Roach escaping. Roach falls on other side, almost going into chasm. Polly rides back, gets a good start on her horse and takes off; the horse jumps the chasm and pursues Roach around through a rock set on the other side of the chasm. Cooper pursuing now comes into the chasm set; he gets off his horse and almost falls over the cliff into the chasm; he jumps up and gets hold of the rope; he starts to climb across.

He spits on his hand holding with the other. Ben and Lynn ride on to jump chasm set and get off; they look over at Cooper trying to get across. They jump and swing onto his legs. All three go down into the chasm beneath and land in stream of water below and start swimming for the bank.

Legree's savage band

Big bunch of mounted Indians ride single file through the rocks.

At the mercy of the redskins

The redskins meet Polly and hold her up. She takes a chance and smashes one fresh Indian in the face and he falls over cliff on to a rock below on which Ben and Lynn have just climbed. They look down at the senseless Indian and then kick the body off. The boys look up in triumph at their feat and start climbing again.

A chance for a hero or two

Lynn and Turpin run on to hold-up set where Indians are holding up Polly. They are pursued by an Indian who runs after them. Running around a rock, the Indian takes a shot at Turpin who does a fall. The Indian runs up and endeavoring to climb on Turpin's back, finally succeeds. He sits on Ben's back and pulls out a big knife. He jerks up Turpin's head and tries the knife on his scalp. It seems dull so the Indian pulls over a big rock and begins whetting the knife. Turpin, from his position face down on the ground underneath the Indian, alarmed at the suspense, turns and looks up and tells the Indian:

"I just had a hair cut."

The Indian pays no attention to him but goes on rubbing the knife. Lynn now runs on to set from rocks and sees the Indian examining edge of knife. He comes up and also touches the edge of same and asks Indian what he is going to do. Indian indicates he is going to scalp Ben. This is enough for Lynn who promptly beats it. The Indian again tries the knife but does not find it sharp enough; begins whetting again. Turpin again looks up and this time pleads with Indian to:

"Just trim it!"

Lynn among the rocks finds a small rock to suit his purpose and runs out onto Turpin and Indian's set just as the latter is about to make another effort to scalp Ben; he brings the rock down over the Indian's head; the Indian rolls out of set and out of sight. Ben gets up and thanks Lynn. Ben takes Lynn by the hand and says:

"I'll do the same for you –"

Even as he talks an arm comes in and grasps Lynn by the shoulder. Lynn calls Turpin's attention to it. Ben sees it is the Indian back after Lynn. Ben completes his sentence by saying:

"– some day!"

And beats it as the Indian trips Lynn to the ground and, sitting on him, jerks his head up and starts scalping operations. Ben stops on other side of rock to look back. Roach comes on and, seeing his opportunity, gives Ben a kick in the rear that sends him headlong into the Indian/Lynn set again knocking the Indian over. Lynn and Ben now get up and beat it. They come into sight of the Indians driving Polly before them. Ben and Lynn grab a big pole and run straight at the Indians and Polly. Polly ducks underneath the pole as the pole grabs Roach and the Indians; Ben and Lynn rush them to the edge of the cliff dropping the whole bunch over that cliff. They look down with immense satisfaction at their work and run over to Polly.

T'was ever thus

Polly and Ben are together in a little love scene. Lynn in another set reaches down and picks up a flower and does old gag of "she loves me – she loves me not." He looks off at Ben and Polly loving – Ben tells Polly:

"Somewhere in yon' hills –"

They look off – Lynn in other set – the flower business has gone against him – he looks at his old pal Ben – gives him up for lost and with a gesture of hopelessness turns and hurries off down away from them.

THE END

This was an actual cutting continuity from the Sennett Studios, perhaps all that remains on this tentatively "lost" two-reel comedy.

Be sure to catch our next issue for another rare script from another lost comedy classic...

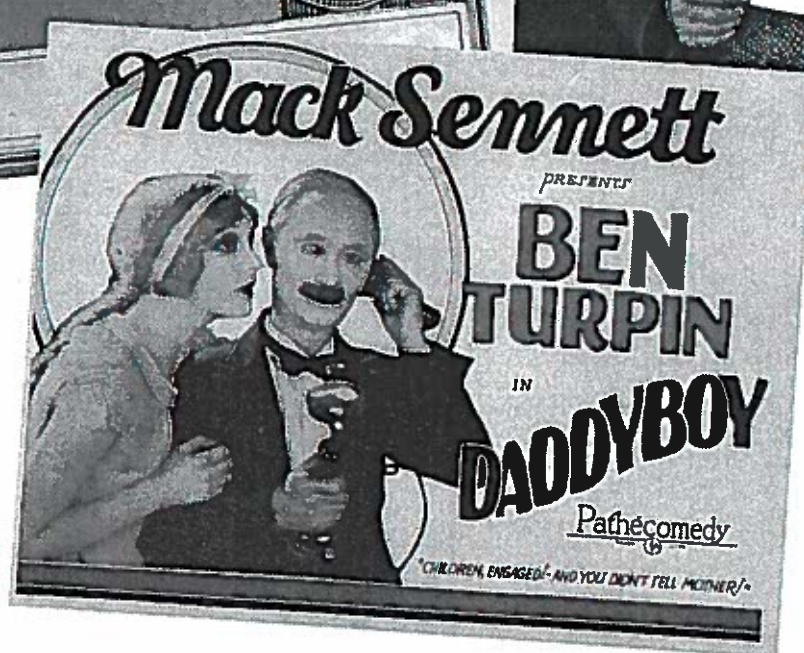
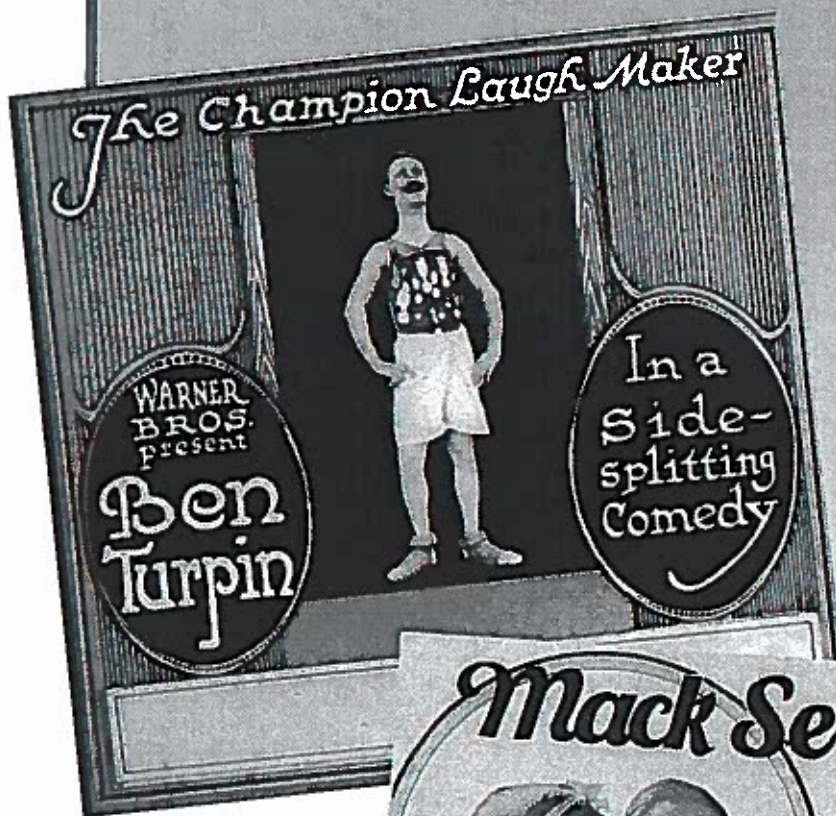


Dear Readers

Drop us a line and let us know what you think of Slapstick!

Let us know what you want to see in the pages of Slapstick!

Keep in touch!!!



Madeline Hurlock



The Pathé Vamp



by Steve Rydzewski



Harry Langdon with His New Mama

Back in early 1983 I was fortunate to have corresponded, although briefly, with Mrs. Robert Emmet Sherwood, the former Madeline Hurlock. At the time of her letter she complained that her health was bad, her eyes were in terrible shape, she had allergies and that her letter to me was quite a chore to write. She also advised me that I needed a new type-writer ribbon. Madeline was eighty-four years old at the time.

Born on December 17, 1899 to English-Italian parents in Federalsburg, Maryland, a small town on the Eastern shore, Madeline was the eldest of six children in a family to which she was strongly attached. Following her studies at Neff College in Philadelphia, she joined a local stock company appearing in the Little Theater of that city. From Philadelphia she came to New York for a full season on the Century Roof and for a short time held a job as "Miss Java".

Although believed for years to have made her motion picture debut with Sennett in 1923, Madeline actually entered the movies at least as early as the summer of 1917 as an extra with Universal. A year earlier she met Sergeant Jack McGovern, a professional soldier of the Thirteenth U.S. Cavalry while he was in California. According to an article in *The Moving Picture World*, August 25, 1917:

"...It was a great love match from the very beginning. So very recently valiant Sgt. McGovern got information that he is likely to be sent to France, so he wired for Miss Hurlock, and she arrived in Baltimore on Saturday night.

She was met by Sgt. McGovern and some friends, and they immediately went to Ellicott City and were married."

Madeline's whereabouts during the next several years are unknown and whether or not she remained active in films and/or confined to the life of a housewife may never be known, she wouldn't discuss it. They later divorced in 1924 because they "had nothing in common".

However it is known that in the spring of 1923 Madeline Hurlock signed a contract for \$150 weekly to appear in the Mack Sennett-Pathecomedies. Sennett himself spoke of Madeline to Theodore Dreiser in *The Best Motion Picture Interview Ever Written* for *Photoplay*, August 1928:

"I tried her out and most of us were puzzled at first because we put her in one thing and another and she didn't seem to do anything. Just stood around, as far as we could see. And we thought she was a total loss, or I did. But after a while we began to hear from exhibitors. They showed interest in her - liked her personality - asked who she was. Then I began to understand that there was something about the way she did stand around, perhaps, that was interesting to the public - her poise. So I began to surround her with the kind of material that would bring her out. And she herself, the more she becomes used to this work, is developing characteristics and stunts which are certain to make her into a sure-fire personality if she keeps on."

The five foot-three inch, black hair, brown-eyed beauty was a busy actress at Sennett. She supported and made cameo appearances in many of the Pathe Comedies





throughout the mid to late 1920's with Ben Turpin, Billy Bevan, Harry Langdon, Sid Smith, Andy Clyde, Billy Armstrong, Jack Cooper, Harry Gribbon, George Cooper and others, all of whom, at one time or other, fell prey to Madeline's vamping ways. Another one of her fellow actors, Eddie Quillan, once told me, "Madeline was a wonderful person to work with."

In her letter to me, Mrs. Sherwood recalled, "My directors



Jack and George Cooper duel over Madeline in *Scarem Much*

were mostly Del Lord and Eddie Cline. I liked both of them. Most of my films were made with Turpin. I didn't like him at first, thinking him what used to be called 'fresh'. As I got to know him, I found him friendly and amusing. He did not take himself seriously, nor did I take myself so. Harry Langdon was a worrier. Andy Clyde was a good actor, and a gentle, lovable man. By the way, Frank Capra was at the studio part of the time when I was there. He wasn't a director then, but what was known as a gagman."

Early in 1928, after five years with Sennett, Madeline left motion pictures for good.

"I was fed-up with films and Hollywood, and could hardly wait to get back to New York. When I left (the Sennett studio, my weekly salary) was \$750. Had I stayed on, it would have been \$1000. In 1928, I went to London, Paris, Italy, and Switzerland - my first trip abroad."

After her return to America she met noted dramatist Marc Connelly who was at the peak of his profession. They married October 4, 1930. Within the next few years, Madeline divorced Connelly for their best friend, Robert Emmet Sherwood. They married in Budapest, Hungary on June 14, 1935.

"My husband was a well-known playwright. Among his plays are *The Petrified Forest*, *Idiot's Delight*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and *There Shall Be No Night*. He won the Pulitzer Prize for the last three. He also won it for his book, *Roosevelt and Hopkins*. Oh yes, and an Oscar for his screenplay, *The Best Years of Our Lives*." She survived him upon his death on November 15, 1955.

Not long after my initial letter to Madeline, I mailed her another. A week or so later the



No one, including Ben Turpin, Bud Ross, Billy Armstrong or Kewpie Morgan will fall *Asleep at the Switch* as long as Madeline's around

envelope came back stamped RETURN TO SENDER – NO FORWARDING ADDRESS. For a few years I was unsuccessful at finding her, and it was not long ago I found out she passed away several years ago.



Madeline Hurlock's Mack Sennett-Pathe Filmography

Where's My Wandering Boy This Evening?

John A. Waldron; July 8, 1923.

Cast: Ben Turpin, Priscilla Bonner, MH, Dot Farley, James Finlayson, Billy Armstrong

Pitfalls of a Big City *John A. Waldron; September 2, 1923.*

Cast: Ben Turpin, Priscilla Bonner, MH, Dot Farley, James Finlayson, Mack Swain, Jack Duffy, Billy Bevan, Andy Clyde, Bud Ross, Billy Armstrong

Asleep at the Switch *Roy Del Ruth; October 14, 1923.*

Cast: Ben Turpin, Kewpie Morgan, MH, Billy Armstrong, Cameo the Wonder Dog, Bud Ross, Andy Clyde, Marvin Lobach, Gordon Lewis

The Daredevil *Del Lord; November 25, 1923.*

Cast: Ben Turpin, Irene Lentz, Harry Gribbon, Kewpie Morgan, John J. Richardson, Gordon Lewis, Arthur Rowlands



Eddie Quillan with Madeline in *Catalina, Here I Come*

Inbad the Sailor *Erle C. Kenton; December 30, 1923.*

Cast: Billy Bevan, Harry Gribbon, MH, Kalla Pasha, Fred Spencer

One Spooky Night *Del Lord; January 27, 1924.*

Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Sid Smith, Harry Gribbon



The Halfback of Notre Dame *Del Lord*; February 24, 1924;
Cast: Harry Gribbon, Jack Cooper, MH, Louise Carver, Andy Clyde, Vernon Dent, Kewpie Morgan, Jack Lloyd, Joe Young, Kalla Pasha

Smile Please Roy *Del Ruth*; March 2, 1924.
Cast: Harry Langdon, Alberta Vaughn, Jack Cooper, Tiny Ward, MH, Andy Clyde, Gordon Lewis, Billy Armstrong, Louise Carver, Jackie Lucas, Cameo the Wonder Dog

Scarem Much *Del Lord*; March 23, 1924.
Cast: George Cooper, MH, Jack Cooper, Andy Clyde, Kalla Pasha

The Hollywood Kid Roy *Del Ruth*; April 30, 1924.
Cast: Jackie Lucas, Charlie Murray, Louise Carver, MH, Vernon Dent, Andy Clyde, Jack Cooper, Gordon Lewis,

Black Oxfords *Del Lord*; May 18, 1924.
Cast: Sid Smith, Marceline Day, Jack Richardson, Vernon Dent, MH?

The Cat's Meow Roy *Del Ruth*; May 25, 1924.
Cast: Harry Langdon, Alice Day, MH, Kalla Pasha, Louise Carver, Marvin Lobach

His New Mama Roy *Del Ruth*; June 22, 1924.
Cast: Harry Langdon, Alice Day, Jack Cooper, MH, Andy Clyde, Tiny Ward, the Mack Sennett Bathing Girls

The First Hundred Years Harry *Edwards*; August 17, 1924.
Cast: Harry Langdon, Alice Day, Frank J. Coleman, MH, Louise Carver

The Luck O' the Foolish Harry *Edwards*; September 14, 1924.
Cast: Harry Langdon, Alice Day, Frank J. Coleman, MH, Leo Sulky, Tiny Ward, Yorke Sherwood, Eli Stanton

Three Foolish Weeks Reggie Morris & Edgar Kennedy; September 14, 1924. Cast: Ben Turpin, MH, Billy Bevan, William Lowery, Judy King

Wandering Waistlines Ralph Ceder; October 5, 1924.
Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Andy Clyde, Sid Smith Kalla Pasha, Barbara Pierce, Yorke Sherwood

The Hansom Cabman Harry *Edwards*; October 12, 1924.
Cast: Harry Langdon, Alice Day, Charlotte Mineau, Andy Clyde, Jack Cooper, Leo Sulky

The Cannon Ball Express *Del Lord*; November 30, 1924.
Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Sid Smith, John J. Richardson, Andy Clyde, Bud Ross

Bull and Sand *Del Lord & Gus Meins*; December 28, 1924.
Cast: Sid Smith, MH, Andy Clyde, John J. Richardson, Vernon Dent, Tiny Ward

The Wild Goose Chaser *Lloyd Bacon*; January 18, 1925.
Cast: Ben Turpin, Jack Cooper, Eugenia Gilbert, Trilby Clark, Dot Farley, Charles Dorety, MH?

Water Wagons *Del Lord*; February 22, 1925.
Cast: Sid Smith, MH, Andy Clyde, John J. Richardson, Leo Sulky, Bud Ross, Joe Young, Christian J. Frank

A Raspberry Romance *Lloyd Bacon*; March 1, 1925.
Cast: Ben Turpin, MH, Blanche Payson, Leo Sulky, Jack Cooper, Barney Hellum

The Marriage Circus Reggie Morris & Edgar Kennedy; April 12, 1925. Cast: Ben Turpin, MH, Sunshine Hart, Louise Carver, William C. Lawrence, Christian J. Frank, Andy Clyde, John J. Richardson

The Lion's Whiskers *Del Lord*; April 19, 1925.
Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, John J. Richardson, Andy Clyde, Sunshine Hart, Bobby Dunn, Billy Gilbert

Butterfingers *Del Lord*; August 30, 1925.
Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Ruth Taylor, Kewpie Morgan, Andy Clyde, Bobby Dunn, Joe Young, Leo Sulky, Barney Hellum

Over There-Abouts Arthur Rosson; October 11, 1925.
Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Ernie Woods, Sunshine Hart, Andy Clyde, Pat Harmon, Barney Hellum, Sam Lufkin, Irving Bacon

From Rags to Britches *Del Lord*; December 13, 1925.
Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Andy Clyde, Kewpie Morgan, Sunshine Hart, Leo Sulky, Louise Carver, Bobby Dunn, Tiny Ward, Ruth Taylor, Pat Kelly, Gordon Lewis

Whispering Whiskers *Del Lord (and Harry Edwards?)*; January 24, 1926. Cast: Billy Bevan, Andy Clyde, Kewpie Morgan, MH, Thelma Hill, George Gray, Arthur Rowlands, Ruth Taylor, Tiny Ward, Joe Young, Bud Ross, Eli Stanton

Trimmed in Gold *Del Lord*; February 14, 1926.
Cast: Billy Bevan, Andy Clyde, MH, Kewpie Morgan, Tiny Ward

Circus Today *Del Lord (and Lloyd Bacon?)*; March 7, 1926.
Cast: Billy Bevan, Andy Clyde, MH, Kewpie Morgan, Joe Young, Tiny Ward, Billy Gilbert, George Gray

Ice Cold Cocos *Del Lord*; June 20, 1926.
Cast: Billy Bevan, Andy Clyde, MH, Kewpie Morgan, Louise Carver, Bud Ross, Leo Sulky, Billy Gilbert, Tiny Ward, Barney Hellum

A Sea Dog's Tale *Del Lord*; July 11, 1926.
Cast: Billy Bevan, Andy Clyde, MH, Patsy O'Byrne, Vernon Dent, Tiny Ward, Bud Ross

When A Man's A Prince Eddie Cline; August 15, 1926.
Cast: Ben Turpin, MH, Danny O'Shea, Dave Morris, Sunshine Hart, Yorke Sherwood, Blanche Payson, Bud Ross, George Gray

The Prodigal Bridegroom *Lloyd Bacon*; September 26, 1926.
Cast: Ben Turpin, Thelma Hill, Marvin Lobach, William McCall, Andy Clyde, MH, Louise Carver, Dave Morris, Vernon Dent, Patsy O'Byrne, Irving Bacon, Joe Young, Barney Hellum

A Harem Knight *Gil Pratt*; November 7, 1926.

Cast: Ben Turpin, MH, Danny O'Shea, Marvin Lobach, Dave Morris, Louise Carver, Barney Hellum, Andy Clyde, Bud Ross

Flirty Four-Flushers *Eddie Cline*; December 26, 1926.

Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Vernon Dent, Ruth Taylor, Stanley Blystone, William McCall

The Jolly Jilter *Eddie Cline*; March 13, 1927.

Cast: Ben Turpin, MH, Alma Bennett, Sunshine Hart, Billy Gilbert, Dave Morris, Bud Ross, Stanley Blystone, William McCall, Irving Bacon, Louise Carver, *Billy Armstrong from old footage*

A Small Town Princess *Eddie Cline & Joe Bordeaux*; March

20, 1927. Cast: MH, Billy Bevan, Nat Carr, Bud Ross, David Manor, Louise Carver, Stanley Blystone, Barbara Tennant, Marvin Lobach, Leo Sulky, Irving Bacon

Catalina, Here I Come *Earle Rodney*; April 17, 1927.

Cast: Eddie Quillan, MH, Alma Bennett, Andy Clyde, Barney Hellum, George Gray

Cured in the Excitement *Earle Rodney*; June 12, 1927.

Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Vernon Dent, ~~Thelma~~ Hill, Marvin Lobach, William McCall

The College Kiddo *Earle Rodney*; August 7, 1927.

Cast: Eddie Quillan, Ruth Taylor, MH, Bill Searby, Barney Hellum

A Gold Digger of Weepah *Harry Edwards*;

October 2, 1927. Cast: Billy Bevan, Vernon Dent, MH?

For Sale, A Bungalow *Earle Rodney*; October 30,

1927. Cast: Eddie Quillan, Andy Clyde, Ruth Taylor, MH, Vernon Dent, William McCall

The Bullfighter *Earle Rodney*; November 27, 1927.

Cast: Billy Bevan, Eddie Quillan, MH, Andy Clyde

Love in a Police Station *Earle Rodney*; December

25, 1927. Cast: Eddie Quillan, MH, Andy Clyde, Barney Hellum, Bobby Dunn, George Gray

The Beach Club *Harry Edwards*; January 22, 1928.

Cast: Billy Bevan, MH, Vernon Dent, Carole Lombard

Additional Titles:

Don Juan's Three Nights a Henry Hobart

Production for First National Pictures. Released September 4, 1926 in seven reels. Directed by *John Francis Dillon*. Cast: Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, Malcolm McGregor, Myrtle Stedman, Kalla Pasha, Alma Bennett, MH, Natalie Kingston, Jed Prouty and Gertrude Astor.

Nostromo in late 1925 magazines announced that Madeline was at work with Percy Marmont,

Raymond Hatton and Noah Beery and George O'Brien on this feature for Fox, based on Joseph Conrad's story *The Scarlet Adventure*. Was it ever made? Ever released?

Lord Jim according to the October 1925 Photoplay magazine, Page 98: "Victor Fleming directing 'Lord Jim' with Percy Marmont and Madeline Hurlock." Was this ever made? Ever released?

Duck Soup a Hal Roach Production for Pathe. Released March 13, 1927. Directed by *Fred L. Guiol*. Cast: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, William Austin, Madeline Hurlock, William Courtright, Laura LaVarnie,

Additions and/or corrections appreciated...



Slapstick!

The Magazine Devoted to the Appreciation, Documentation & Preservation of Early Film Comedy

CONCLUSION

Well dear reader, all good things must come to an end. We hope you enjoyed your trip through SLAPSTICK! and hope you'll catch our second issue, tentatively scheduled for June 1999.

There's bound to be more surprises as well as the continuation of our Ben Turpin biography, *For Art's Sake*. Next issue we'll start off with the Turpin-Charlie Chaplin association, finish the Essanay films, get into the Vogue Comedies and start off with the Keystones.

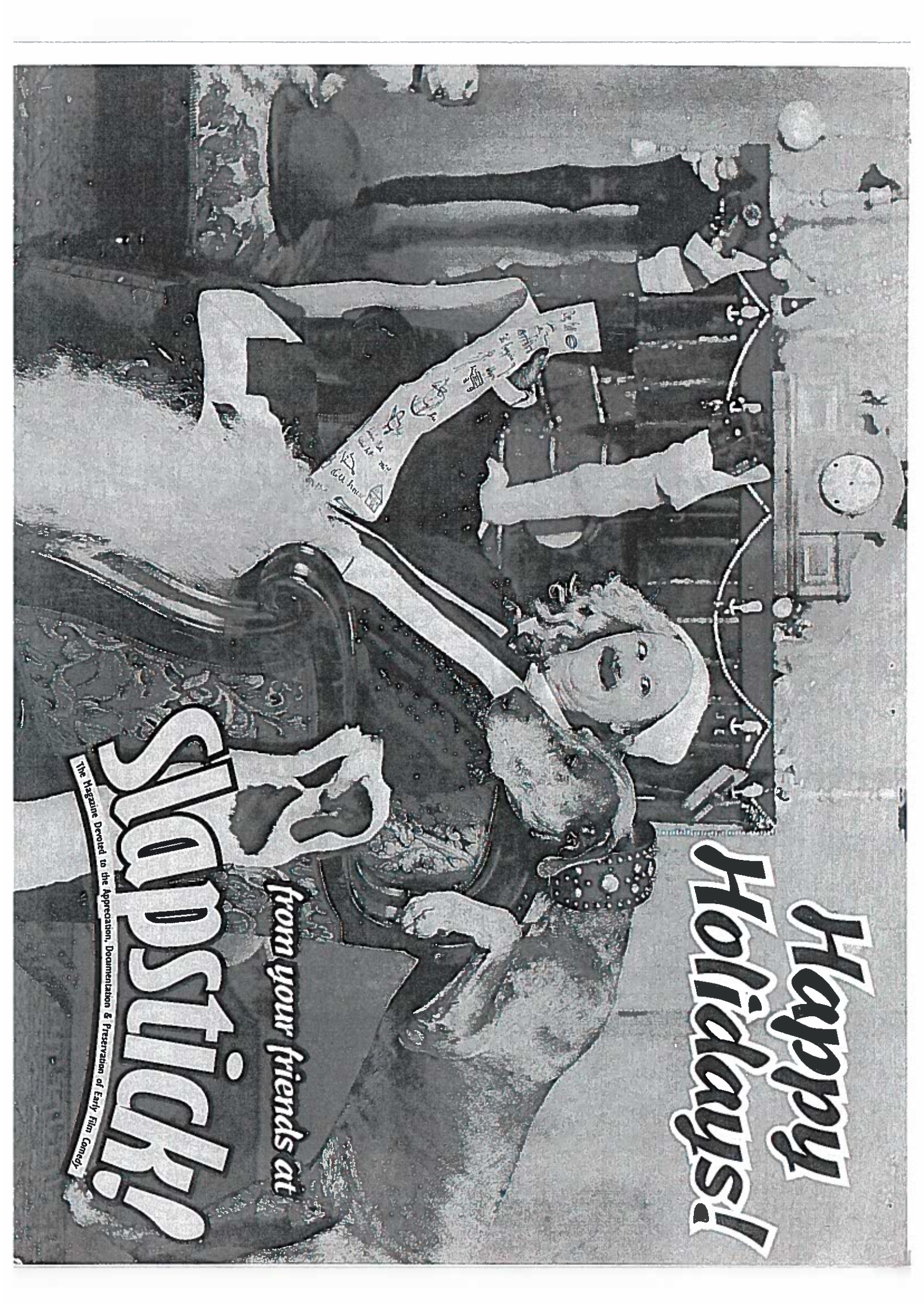
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Happy Holidays!

from your friends at

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